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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him. All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.]

Events of the Week.

MR. BONAR LAW's resignation has involved the Prime Minister in a tangle of political arrangements, involving in their turn a series of bargains with a crowd of office-seekers and their supporting parties. Mr. Chamberlain has been elected leader of the Tory Coalitionists in the House of Commons. But neither he nor Mr. George has been offered the leadership of the Tory Party, which will either lead itself or take the Prime Minister as soon as those active little feet have caught up the Tory procession. At present Mr. Chamberlain is in a state of quasi-independence, a Satrap with a larger province than the King. This is not the end of Mr. George's difficulties. He appears to have reserved the Chancellorship for Sir Robert Horne, a Protectionist, and a man of ability. But it is obvious that Mr. Churchill—unhappily marooned in Mesopotamia, when his proper place is on the doorstep of 10, Downing Street—would like the Exchequer. Is he to have it, and the safer Sir Robert be laid aside? Finally, there is the Speakership. It is the proper perquisite of Mr. Whitley, the Chairman of Committees, a more learned House of Commons man than the present Speaker, and qualified by a long apprenticeship. But the Conservatives do not like Mr. Whitley any more than they liked Lord Courtney, and are putting forward Sir Ernest Pollock. Whichever way these settlements are made, they are bound to leave much discontent behind.

UNDER the lash of Greenwood and Tudor, the Irish rebellion has started into fresh life, and its outbreaks are no longer isolated acts of violence, but regular engagements, desperate and prolonged, conducted, as in the case of the attack on a military train at Headford, by as many as 100 men. There have also been some cruel attacks on Ulster loyalists, vengeance for vengeance, reprisal for reprisal, and throughout Celtic Ireland not the faintest sign of success for the Government, moral or material. Equal failure may now be predicted for its political and economic arrangements. It is now certain that Sinn Fein will not sit in the Northern Parliament, an attempted arrangement between the Nationalists and the Sinn Feiners having broken down. It is extremely doubtful whether Mr. Devlin's party will act either. Elected candidates will probably be pledged to abstention. The revolt, moral and physical, is now fast extending to the whole economic structure. The boycott of Ulster goods is extending, and even in its earlier stages

Belfast exhibits extreme discomposure. Both the entrepôt trade and the manufacturing industries are suffering gravely, and unemployment is rife. Already, indeed, Belfast is beginning to ask why a barrier should be raised between Northern and Southern Ireland. The barrier is the work of the British Government; and this is the next discovery of importance that political Ulster is likely to make.

UPPER SILESIA voted on Sunday, and the returns, though not quite complete as we write, show a substantial majority, of over 60 per cent., for Germany. Though there are rumors of violence, the best contradiction of them is the fact that 98 per cent. of the population voted. The result can only mean that a fairly large number of Poles by race must have voted for Germany. Everything now depends on the interpretation of the result. The Germans assume that the province must be assigned to them as a whole, and, indeed, it forms industrially, as also historically and geographically, a natural unit. The Poles argue as confidently that it must be divided. They claim the south-eastern portion of the coalfield, where they scored a local majority (the Rybnik-Pless area), and also argue that for economic reasons part of the central industrial "triangle" (Gleiwitz-Beuthen-Kattowitz) must go with it. A decision which gave most of the province to Germany, while cutting out the chief coal-mines for Poland's benefit, would be economically ruinous, both to the province and to Germany. It would, incidentally, reduce to vanishing point the prospects of an indemnity. If France takes this line, as she doubtless will, it is to be hoped that the other Allies may stand more firmly than they usually do for the rational solution.

ON Thursday afternoon in last week, by a series of converging columns which advanced over the ice, the Red Army captured Cronstadt by storm. The street fighting was obstinate, but 800 of the garrison got away over the ice to Finland, including General Koslovsky and the other leaders. An authentic account of recent happenings in Russia has reached the "Manchester Guardian" from its correspondent, who arrived in Reval from Moscow and Petrograd last week. In general his first-hand news confirms the view which we took last week. There were never any risings or any fighting in Moscow and Petrograd, nothing worse, indeed, than a meeting or two to protest against the reduction of food rations. The economic crisis seems to have come quite suddenly. Industry had been working much better, but the fuel gave out, partly because the demand had been miscalculated, and partly because snowdrifts and other local accidents interrupted transport. The Cronstadt rising (which was for purer Soviets and not for a Constituent Assembly) seems rather to have helped Lenin and the Government politically, for it closed up the ranks of the Communist Party, and checked the tendency to criticism and opposition within it.

NONE the less the rather fragmentary versions of Lenin's speech at the party congress are decidedly pessimistic in tone. He gives the delay of any Revolution in the West as a reason for introducing modifications in Russia which will leave very little Communism surviving in the chief Russian industry, agriculture. Hitherto, though the peasants were virtually small proprietors

minus the title-deeds, they did not, apart from illegal speculation, produce for the market. The Government had a monopoly of the chief foodstuffs, and theoretically the whole surplus, above the peasant's family needs, was requisitioned in return for other goods, which rarely materialized in adequate quantities. Now production for free sale is to be legalized. Property gains its *bourgeois* rights, and the peasant will produce for profit. The Government will take only 10 per cent. in kind as a tax. In practice, this may not be such a big innovation as it sounds, unless the railways and markets are also organized to carry and distribute the "free" produce. The tax may raise enough to feed the towns, and will be more readily paid than the requisitions. The only hope now remaining to realize Communism in the country is to get the peasant into co-operative groups, which can be done if Russia gets machinery.

The previous week was a notable one for Russia's foreign policy. She completed three important Treaties—the British Trading Agreement, the Polish Peace, and a Treaty with the Angoran Turks. As to the first, it is disconcerting to learn that Russia has already concluded a Treaty with the Amir of Afghanistan, by which she pays him (as we used to do) a yearly subsidy of £100,000, and secures the right to maintain several consuls. It is a threatening step, but we imagine that Lord Curzon's remonstrance, *plus* the Agreement, will bring it to an end. The Polish Peace contains the stipulation that £3,000,000 shall be paid to Poland within a year. Of the Turkish Treaty, which seems to be one of amity if not alliance, we know little, except that the Turks surrender Batoum to Red Georgia. The entire Trans-Caucasus is now "Red," and the local Georgian, Armenian, and Tartar Soviets will act as the satellites of Moscow. As for the Turks, their hands will be full in Asia Minor, for King Constantine is calling up his reserves "to defend the Treaty of Sèvres," and evidently contemplates a renewal of the war. He thereby defies the Allied Council no less than the Turks.

Is there a swing of political opinion to the Left in France, or at any rate in Paris? Parisian juries have an independent tradition in political cases, and are apt to be either more reactionary or more liberal than the Government of the day. Two years ago a Parisian jury horrified civilization by acquitting the murderer of Jaurès. A week ago another jury of twelve average citizens not only acquitted Lorient, Souvarine, and the seven other Communist leaders, but even went on to pass a resolution which called, in effect, for the acclimatization of Habeas Corpus in France. The case against the Communists was that their party is itself a conspiracy against the State, and the general railway strike, with which, in fact, they had very little connection, was treated rather as an illustration of the general charge, than as a substantial crime. The acquittal probably does not indicate Communist sympathies. It is a protest against the system of preventive arrest, by which any Government can keep opponents under prolonged arrest, while the Juge d'Instruction fishes about for evidence on which to base a charge. These Communists had spent ten months in prison. M. Caillaux was kept for years untried. The jury's unanimous resolution called upon the Chamber to proceed at once with the Bill guaranteeing individual liberty, which M. Clemenceau, in his Dreyfusard days, drafted in 1904. He had many opportunities of carrying it himself, when in power, but it seems to have slipped his memory. The voting in the recent by-election in Paris, in what used to be M.

Millerand's safe constituency, told the same tale, for the Bloc National won only on the second ballot, with the Communists running it close. There is even in Paris an audible sigh for liberty.

In view of the official opinion that Sir Gordon Hewart is indispensable to this Government, we read with some attention his answer to the pointed question of Lord Robert Cecil as to the legal basis of the Allied "sanctions" against Germany. Partly flippant, partly cynical, it seems to have satisfied this easy House, and doubtless it did express the mind of the Front Bench to a nicety. He admitted that the paragraphs of the Treaty which give the Allies the right to take "such measures as the respective Governments might determine to be necessary in the circumstances," are "not strictly applicable to those proceedings." Of course, they are not. They apply only to cases of voluntary default in the payment of the tribute, and this is not due till May 1st. The default has not been notified. None the less, Sir Gordon Hewart went on, these measures were abundantly justified under the Treaty, for Germany had defaulted in the matters of disarmament and the war-crime, and had made "no sufficient effort to obtain a settlement by agreement." In plain words, they had not defaulted under the Treaty, but they had "defied" the Treaty. The "sanctions," in short, were not really legally implicit in the Treaty: they were acts of coercion designed to impose the view of the Treaty which the Allies reached outside it, in the Paris Agreement. A shiftier argument never came from a legal expert. Assuredly this Government has need of such ministrations as these.

A PIQUANT personal incident illustrates the novel growth of solidarity between the unofficial British community in India and the moderate Nationalists. The former, through their elected members on the Viceroy's Council and the Legislative Assembly, have taken a stand which means that, in their view, the control of Indian affairs has definitely passed to India. Some time ago, the extreme Anglo-Indian reactionaries in England, including Lord Amphill, Lord Sydenham, and Sir Michael O'Dwyer, formed an "Emergency Committee" to protest against the reforms, and to call attention to sundry dangers to the Empire. The European non-official members then telegraphed to Lord Amphill a protest against its activities, which could "serve no useful purpose" and would "exasperate public opinion." Lord Amphill's answer was, literally, "mind your own business." This piece of insolence suggests that the Empire had a very narrow escape, when Lord Amphill's brief interim tenure of the viceregal office came to an end. He has classified himself, if anyone is curious to know to what branch of the animal kingdom he belongs. That is a trifle. The permanent fact of importance is that in the act he has moved the European community in India to adopt for the first time in its history a patriotic Indian, indeed a "swadeshi," standpoint.

We are afraid it is too late for the "Times" to agitate the constitutional case against the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Bill, unless it is to be supposed that the lawyers in the House of Lords will unite to defeat it. The measure has been amended, for the Government could not face the Peers with it, and the provisions enabling these Commissions to be set up by either House of Parliament, and giving these bodies almost a full judicial status, have been abandoned. But the Opposition should have moved earlier and more strongly. And they should

move constructively, and insist on a complete return to the reign of civic liberty, under Common and Statute Law. A legal friend suggests the passage of a short and simple Act somewhat to this effect:—

AN ACT

TO PRESERVE THE LIBERTIES OF HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.

WHEREAS it is necessary to reaffirm the right of the subjects of His Majesty not to be subjected to punishment otherwise than according to the Common Law and the Statutes by Parliament enacted,

BE it therefore enacted by The King's Most Excellent Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. Except in so far as by the Army Act or the Naval Discipline Act may be otherwise provided, no person may be forejudged of life or limb or subjected to any punishment by martial law or by military or naval authority or in any other manner than according to known and established civil laws of the realm.

2. Nothing in this Act shall affect

(a) the obligation of His Majesty's subjects according to their several stations and capacities at the time and place of the occurrence of any riot, disorder, or rebellion then and there to do such things as may be immediately necessary or expedient for the preservation of His Majesty's peace or the restoration of His Majesty's authority; or

(b) the power of His Majesty to maintain discipline in His Majesty's forces on land or at sea.

3. This Act may be cited as the British Liberties Preservation Act, 1921.

It seems to us incumbent on the Labor and Liberal parties to propose such legislation at once.

* * *

We hope that whatever be the precise character of the appointment to the Lord Chief Justiceship, the scandal hinted at in the "Manchester Guardian" has been avoided. But the public must keep their eye on this matter. It has long been understood that Sir Gordon Hewart would succeed Lord Reading. We were not at all enthusiastic about the appointment. Sir Gordon Hewart has been, in our opinion, a singularly lax guardian of the rights and liberties of the subject. But he is a highly competent lawyer, and his right of succession to Lord Reading was not disputed. Now it is said that, for reasons of Ministerial convenience, he has been induced to waive the succession, and that Lord Sterndale, the Master of the Rolls, a man of the highest merit, but hardly, it is said, of robust health, is to succeed. That is Sir Gordon Hewart's business. All that concerns the public is that the appointment should not be a stop-gap, under which Lord Sterndale would retire in Sir Gordon's favor when the Government itself resigned or was defeated. This was, in effect, the story of the "Manchester Guardian," but we cannot think that either Lord Sterndale or Sir Gordon Hewart could ever have been a party, even indirectly, to so immoral a bargain. If Lord Sterndale is to be Lord Chief Justice, the appointment must be definite, unconditioned, and in the hands of a man in adequate health. Otherwise justice and the public interest would be sacrificed to party convenience. And that would be an intolerable scandal.

* * *

THE coal situation has become a little clearer. The Executive of the Miners' Federation appear to have been convinced last week that the coalowners cannot be moved from their determination that wages must in future be settled in the districts. The owners sugared the bitter pill by undertaking that if the 1914 wage is accepted as the new standard in each district they will allow the whole of any surplus profit to be added to this wage while the abnormal conditions exist. Further, they declared

that, if it should be necessary, they would run the industry for a time without any profit at all. The miners' Executive, which was itself divided, recommended to an equally divided conference that the question of accepting or rejecting this temporary arrangement should be referred to the districts. The fact that the loss in working the industry varies enormously in the different coal-fields made it certain that the owners' proposal would be opposed where the wage reduction would be greatest, and accepted in some of the other districts. South Wales, Scotland, and Lancashire were thus ranged against Yorkshire, the North-East, and part of the Midlands, and the difficulty of the adjourned conference and the Executive was not lessened. Whether the districts which favor rejection carry resistance to the point of a starvation fight, or submit for the time being, a heavy blow has been delivered at the prestige which the Federation derived from its national unity.

* * *

"A FREE CHURCHMAN" writes us:—"Nonconformists are recovering their moral sensitiveness and are becoming uneasy about the oppression of Ireland. They recognize that you cannot go on governing a country by high explosives and low cunning, and even that it is rather wicked to try. Take the Free Church Council. It was forced to introduce a resolution on Ireland at the Manchester Congress. The leaders held a prolonged and difficult discussion before they could arrive at a formula sufficiently tame and anæmic to preserve unity and avoid trouble. When the resolution was produced to the Congress it was denounced as hopeless. It contained the usual official phrases about supporting His Majesty's Government 'in any steps that may wisely and rightly be taken to restore public order in Ireland,' &c. Mr. Leyton Richards then rose and protested against the abject surrender of Free Church principles, and was loudly applauded. He moved an amendment by which the Council supported the Government in any steps 'consistent with the spirit of Christ,' and condemned reprisals 'as being alien to the mind and method of Jesus Christ, and therefore abhorrent to all Christian people.' This produced a mild panic amongst the opportunists on the platform. But while they held hurried consultations, the assembly passed the amended resolution with tumultuous enthusiasm. Moreover, the congregations are waking up. On Sunday night the crowded congregation at the King's Weigh House Church, London, was deeply moved by Dr. Orchard's indictment of the policy in Ireland."

* * *

WE publish with gratitude, and some chagrin, the following letter from Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, recording the indebtedness under which England lies to America for the maintenance of the tomb of Henry Fielding:—

"When Fielding's tomb-stone was erected in 1830 no provision was made for its care or maintenance. From time to time a visitor would have the weeds out and the moss scraped from the lettering, but all soon lapsed into the old unkempt condition. It was the Rev. Christopher Neville, Chaplain of the English Church at Lisbon, who collected the funds for the monument from the English residents of Lisbon, and his successor in this church, Rev. Henry M. Nodder, has attempted to raise a fund the interest of which would enable this spot to be kept in order as long as trusteeships are deemed respectable. Mr. Nodder appealed to Dean Wilbur Cross, of Yale University, for help in this admirable effort, and as a result he has been able to send to Mr. Nodder a total of £129 13s. 4d. from contributions made by forty-six subscribers in America. This sum will be placed in the hands of the Trustees of the Diocese of Gibraltar and invested by them, the income being paid to the Lisbon chaplain and by him used in keeping this grave in order."

Politics and Affairs.

THE COMING FALL OF THE COALITION.

"These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt!"

MR. BONAR LAW has resigned the leadership of the Coalition in the House of Commons, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain has succeeded him in the similar, but not identical, position of leader of the majority of that party. Personally the change is unimportant. In such a world as this, it is of small consequence that one inadequate politician should take the place of another without possessing either the genius or the power to help it. Second-rateness in men is not a crime. It is even useful to the first-rate. But with Mr. Law it is the only mark of his career which appears to have impressed itself on his eulogists in the Press. It may be said of him with truth that in a great crisis in the lives of our people, their affairs in Parliament were handled with barely a trace of candor or a spark of illuminated intelligence. There was, indeed, one phase of Mr. Law's drab and unoriginal career in which he took a resolution. In conjunction with Sir Edward Carson he made the first appeal to violence which has been raised by a British statesman of consequence since the Jacobite rebellion. On the eve of the Great War he actively fostered the rising in Ulster, and pledged his party to come to its assistance. Since then he has been in a position to garner the abundant harvest that sprang up from the tares he sowed in the spring and summer of 1914. By all accounts he diligently watered the crop. For the rest it seems to have contented him to act as an unbrilliant second to Mr. Lloyd George. Such careers pass from the minds of men more quickly than the wash from a steamer's bows. They play their small and fussy part in the arts of political management, and that is all that need be said about them.

Nevertheless, the leaving of Mr. Law and the coming of Mr. Chamberlain is, after its fashion, an event. Mark its character. Mr. Chamberlain is chosen leader of the Tory Coalitionists in the House of Commons. The "Liberal" Coalitionists are not asked their opinion; but presumably they accept. But Mr. Chamberlain has not been chosen leader of the Unionist Party. There is no such leader; in a sense there is no such party. Even Mr. George does not lead it, it being assumed that he is a form of useful atom, floating in the void, but liable to attachment whenever a sufficient force of gravity sets in to require it. Neither does Mr. George lead the House of Commons. It is not precisely that he is still engaged in settling Europe. Europe is conventionally supposed to be settled. It is not even that he is arranging private deals and transfers of taxpayers' property with trade unionists; for the moment bargains with trade unionism are "off." It is simply that he does not choose, or does not dare, to perform the work of responsible Parliamentary government which every one of his predecessors has discharged, either through the medium of the House of Commons or the House of Lords. In other words, it is personally convenient for him to have a substitute—to put a man in. Routine is thus avoided, and full justice can be done to the star occasion. If the *locum tenens* does or says anything unpopular or inconvenient, the Prime Minister can wriggle out of it; in any event he is not personally attacked. The Opposi-

tion allows Mr. George to assume this status of quasi-Presidency, though a motion from Mr. Asquith or Mr. Clynes, demanding the Prime Minister's regular and definite association with the House of Commons, might do much to bring this system to the ground. But examine the looseness of the whole Ministerial structure. Mr. George's Government rests in the main on those Conservative votes to which his electoral tactics gave the control of the policy of this country. But he is not permitted to marshal those votes on the green benches. They will have their special shepherd; and will hear his voice, whether or no it is a gramophoned echo of the Prime Minister's or possesses a recognized accent of its own. But what is Mr. George's place in politics? He is not the leader of a party, in the sense in which Gladstone and Disraeli were leaders of Liberalism and Conservatism. The Carlton Club has not even put his name to the nomination; and there is not a single Liberal organization or representative social assembly which could be trusted to do the like for him. He lives at 10, Downing Street, where he settles strikes and things, or does not settle them, or holds Conferences which adjourn for more, or leaves for holidays in pleasant Continental places, where further Conferences are held. He also presides over an almost disembodied entity calling itself the Cabinet. But he himself, though holding himself ready to adopt either Liberalism or Conservatism by alternately talking the language of both, is essentially a party-less man.

The House of Commons, therefore, has been put into commission. Mr. Chamberlain is curate-in-charge. But there is an intermittently resident vicar, before whom the graver affairs of the parish must come, when he has time to attend to them. As to doctrine, there is no hard-and-fast creed as yet, and the two parts of the congregation sit in different aisles, but there is a grand joint anti-Socialist crusade coming. This is what Mr. George appears to mean when he announces to his "Reprisals Club" the advent of a "new world," expressly made, it would appear, by the sacrifice of millions of young lives, that he may disport himself in it, and attract every loose fish that swims. This society is to be reconstructed, if Mr. George can contrive, so as to ensure the greatest possible advantage to property and the smallest possible guerdon to Labor. We may take the Prime Minister's prophecy of the coming "destruction of private enterprise," and its conversion into "a great State machine," as a sign of his intention to wage a second war against the Labor Party. His first anti-Labor campaign deprived it of its fair right of representation in Parliament. An ensuing effort of the same character, if it succeeded, could only have the effect of driving it on to direct action, and thus converting a mixed force of Parliamentarism and opportunist Socialism into a revolutionary one. That the Prime Minister talks Toryism, not because he thinks Toryism right, but because he has nowhere else to go to, is of the essence of the political situation, of which we urge Labor to take heed. It is the most compact and morally the most energetic and healthy party in England. We believe that the country is willing to take large experiments at its hand, and to advance with it well on the road to what Mr. Charles Trevelyan* calls the "Social Reformation." But it is bound to ask itself whether alone, and fighting Liberalism as well as this utterly immoral and reactionary Coalition, it is strong enough to neutralize an appeal to

* In an interesting pamphlet, "From Liberalism to Labor."

every class interest that can be invoked to destroy it. This is not Mr. George's plan. It is his destiny. To-day he has only one market left, and if his political genius still possesses a high saleable value, it must be sold to the reaction, and do the reaction's work as thoroughly as Disraeli did it. Of course, if the Labor Party is bent on setting up Marxianism in Great Britain, *uno ictu*, it must set about that task in splendid isolation, and may calculate on achieving it about the time when Lenin has become President of the Liberty and Property Defence League. But if it means business, we suggest that it declare first for a practical electoral programme, and secondly for a practical electoral strategy, and having thus cleared the ground to an almost certain victory, set to work to destroy Mr. George's power for evil in Ireland, in Europe, and in the United Kingdom. For the Coalition is now bound to its fall. While Mr. Law remained leader of the Commons, his smooth carpentry gave the structure an appearance of firmness it never really possessed. Mr. Chamberlain has no such arts, and he lacks Mr. Law's quick responsiveness to the master hand. But the Coalition has one sincere and veritable thing about it. It is Toryism without its graces and restraints, and in that guise it is bound, sooner or later, to present itself to the electorate. And, what is more serious, its massed selfishness will break the more rational and idealistic elements opposed to it until these, in their turn, are combined into some definite political synthesis.

THE VALUE OF GERMAN CIVILIZATION.

THAT a *plébiscite* should be held before Upper Silesia was handed over to Poland was the one concession of any importance which the Germans obtained at Versailles. The joint wisdom of MM. Clemenceau, George, and Wilson had decided originally that this province was Polish, and they resolved to transfer it bodily. How mistaken they were, Sunday's vote shows. We wonder, indeed, just how many of the various territorial amputations which Germany has suffered would have stood the test of a popular consultation of the inhabitants. No one, of course, pretends that any fraction of the inhabitants worth counting would have approved of what has been done to Danzig and the Saar. But we should be curious to learn how much of West Prussia, or even of Posen, the Poles would have obtained after a fair vote—certainly not all of Posen, and probably very little, if any, of West Prussia.

In Upper Silesia their propaganda has enjoyed every possible facility. Even witnesses usually hostile, the "Times" correspondents, for example, have described the lavish expenditure of the Poles. It is common knowledge that they used intimidation almost publicly. The partisanship of the French authorities was so marked that several British officers resigned by way of protest. The Germans, moreover, besides conducting their case poorly and with inadequate funds, suffered from the memory of the brutality which their troops showed in repressing the Polish rising of August, 1920. Racially, of course, this population, as everyone admits, is Polish by a substantial majority. The vote took place while Germany is under the harrow of the Allies, laboring under the "sanctions," and subject to recurrent invasions of indefinite extent, while Poland has just concluded a formal Entente with France, which amounts to an alliance. In spite of all these handicaps, the Germans have scored a fairly substantial success. If the great Frederick won this province by arms, the Republic has won most of it over again by the ballot.

The title is as good as any in Europe. It is a victory for the superior over the inferior civilization, and it can only mean that, in spite of the ties of blood, and the call of nationality, which commonly take so little stock of colder considerations, a big proportion of the Polish-speaking majority of Upper Silesia, after a long experience of German civilization, deliberately prefers it to the native variety. The opinion is not in itself surprising for anyone who has seen the provincial life of both countries. The only element of surprise is that any large number of Poles should act with less than the usual romantic emotionalism of their race.

This vote ought to end this question. It would be sanguine, however, to rely upon that hope. The Treaty leaves great latitude to the Allies. They are not expressly bound to follow the vote at all. The implication is that the province is not to be regarded as a unit. Bohemia was sacred, because it was a venerable, historical entity, and on that score some millions of Germans were handed over to the Tchechs, though a division would have been easy. Seven centuries of history counted for nothing in the case of Upper Silesia, for there it was the Germans that the historical argument favored. We are now confronted with the usual puzzle in interpreting the right of self-determination. Does one apply it by provinces, or by parishes? If some districts adjacent to Poland show a Polish majority, are they to be cut out of the province? We should not question that procedure, or oppose a mere rectification of the frontier, where the Polish majority is substantial, were it not that this seemingly innocent operation may nullify the whole economic effect of Germany's success at the poll. For the very few local successes of the Poles happen to lie chiefly near her present frontier, and they include the more vital portions of the coalfield. It may be possible, when the figures are analyzed, for the Allies, without seriously infringing this democratic verdict, to interpret it in such a way that Upper Silesia will be ruined, and with it most of Eastern Germany. Cut off the coalfield from the industries which depend upon it, and this thriving province will soon decay. Deprive Germany of the Upper Silesian coal supply, which amounts to one quarter of her present output, and the amount of coal available for industry and domestic use will sink from 66 to about 40 per cent.

A rigid application of democratic logic may come ill from Powers which have overridden it in so many of their territorial dispositions, but it will not surprise us if the French insist upon it. The Poles are their Allies, a vital element in their military Continental system. The mines, moreover, if they are assigned to Poland, will almost certainly come under French ownership and control. The policy of France, first in the Saar, then in the Ruhr, and now in Silesia, is very clearly (for the French Nationalist Press is perfectly open and frank about it) to get all the coal of Germany under her control. The object is threefold. Firstly, the end is always the ruin of the historical enemy. Secondly, reparations, illusory in every other direction, are real and tangible enough when they come in the form of coal. Thirdly, by controlling nearly all the coal of Germany, France gains a powerful diplomatic and commercial weapon. She may use it, by the threat to refuse supplies, to starve South Germany and eventually to promote the break-up of the Reich. That design is avowed as the reason for the seizure of the coal-ports which control the internal export from the Ruhr field to Southern Germany. She may also use it to become the purveyor of this tribute-coal to Scandinavia, to Italy, and to other coal-less countries. That is happening already, for France so little needs the immense deliveries enforced at Spa, that

she is selling both Ruhr coal and Saar coal abroad. Unless the other Allies stand firmly for the treatment of Upper Silesia as a natural economic and social unit, the vote may yet be wrenched to the purposes of this French policy of wreckage and domination.

There is ample evidence to show that the existing coal shortage in Germany is an important cause, probably the main cause, in delaying industrial recovery. The reckoning of the German Coal Controller is that after the needs of the railways, gas, and electrical works have been satisfied, there remains for industrial and domestic use (after allowing for territorial losses) only 66 per cent. of the 1913 supplies. This figure, however, understates the case for two reasons. It is the best hard coal which is taken for the tribute, and the quality of what remains is inferior. Secondly, the requirements are actually greater, because the engines are usually in bad repair, and require more coal to evolve the same power, even if the coal itself were of the best quality, which in fact it is not. (That curious consequence of the war is common: in Russia, for example, in many big works, three times the old supply is needed to get the same amount of power.) The result is, in fact, more nearly a drop of the effective supply to industry to 50 or 55 per cent. We have before us some valuable notes made by Mrs. C. R. Buxton during a recent visit to the industrial area of Saxony. She paid surprise visits to fifteen factories and to the offices of various industrial associations, besides talking to the officials of the distribution offices, and to representative workmen. In practically every case men had been discharged because coal was short, and short time for the same reason was the rule. Machine works, glass works, and textile factories suffered in the same way. It was usual to find that glass works with four ovens could heat only two. The big machine works which she visited had just been closed for ten days for lack of coal, which made four weeks' stoppage in the year. About fifty per cent. of the heavy unemployment was generally ascribed to this cause, and not to any lack of orders. In luxury trades, which receive the smallest coal ration, though their output is necessary if German export is to be restored and the indemnity paid, many firms were getting only a fourth or fifth of their nominal ration. The system of half-time work, which, of course, meant half wages, was reducing the whole working class to a visibly haggard and ill-dressed condition. Families were living crowded in one room, for only one room could be heated, and one big sanatorium with 160 rooms could heat only forty of them. The coal tribute is, in short, a form of indemnity which stands in the way of a general industrial recovery, and therefore of the payment of anything approaching the total demanded. If any large part of the Upper Silesian field is taken because of, or rather in spite of, this vote, these conditions will become desperate, and the push towards revolution may become violent.

The vote is a reminder of the value of German civilization. With every other factor against it, it none the less so impresses these by no means enlightened Polish workmen, that they elect to remain within its influence. To that reckoning also the rest of Europe must come back. Whether one thinks of the hard competence of the northern variety of this German civilization, or of its more gracious manifestation in Vienna, it is the most productive, the most fertile, the most indispensable civilization which Europe has produced. Its ruin would mean the lapse of the whole Continent into semi-barbarism. Ruin is easy. Its material basis is coal.

THE TRAGEDY OF ENGLAND.

It was said the other day by an Irishman to an Englishman, "This is your tragedy; not ours." No truer word has been spoken of the tale of horrors which grows every day more terrible. Irishmen endure them because, in the midst of their suffering, they retain a singular strain of confidence. This comes partly from their religion, and partly from their imaginative conception of patriotism, so different from the Englishman's. But it comes also from the revelation which the last two years have brought of the hard, practical capacity of the Irish people. To understand this it is necessary to talk to Irish Unionists. "I never believed that Irishmen could govern themselves," said an Irish Peer the other day, "until I had lived for six months under a Sinn Fein Government." Englishmen know only of the murders and outrages committed by Sinn Feiners. They know nothing, or next to nothing, about the remarkable success with which a Sinn Fein Government organized its arbitration courts, effected a great agrarian settlement, put down corruption and excessive drinking, and rescued nationalist politics from every trace of religious intolerance. All thinking Irishmen and thousands of suffering Irishwomen are unhappy about the moral dangers of a crisis which is turning the youth of the nation to violence. That anxiety weighs heavily upon them. But of the ultimate success of this epic struggle for Ireland's position in the world they do not doubt; they face the future with a steady and quiet faith.

The real tragedy is here in England. Take such a discussion as that of last Saturday in the House of Commons. There are actually men in the assembly who think that what is wrong in Ireland is not the campaign of violent oppression which has made England seem in the eyes of nearly every one of its sister nations the chief existing tyranny, but the failure of the Government to let the world know what it has to say for itself. We can imagine Germans reasoning like that during the Belgian atrocities. The Germans, they held, were a malignant people; their enemies had got the ear of the world by all kinds of base tricks, and the truth which would clear the German reputation could not struggle into the light. The parallel is remarkably complete as it happens, for an American who had been in Belgium remarked afterwards that the state of Belgium was more and not less horrible than the outside world suspected, and an American, who has lately returned from Ireland, and had studied the American Press before leaving, made precisely the same remark the other day about Ireland. In point of fact, if the world knew nothing about our administration in Ireland except what it learns from Sir Hamar Greenwood himself, what impression would it form? It would know that the Government dares not hold an impartial inquiry into any incident in Ireland, and that it dares not publish the reports of its own official inquiries on Cork and Balbriggan; that no constable has been punished for the murders at Balbriggan; that no cadet has been punished out of the thirteen who watched two men being murdered by one of their number; that there are scores of outrages a year old attributed to the armed servants of the Crown as to which the result of the official inquiries has never been disclosed; that no court-martial has yet been fixed for the Trim looting. It would know also that the Government dares not allow an investigation by a judge or any civil court of the circumstances under which the Mayor and ex-Mayor of Limerick were murdered during curfew hours. The reports of the proceedings at the military inquiry are censored, but anybody who looks even at the censored report will be struck by some strange features about this case. It appears that on the night of these murders a sentry heard the fatal

shots fired, and that afterwards three men passed along the street; that the sentry did not challenge these men; that no patrol was turned out; and that the officer in charge, who was informed at the time that shots had been heard and that men had passed down the street, was not examined at the inquiry. These facts alone explain why the Government did not hold an independent inquiry, and why they preferred to set up a court of officers representing the persons suspected. Doubtless they remember that on the one occasion on which the conduct of a military court has been reviewed by a court of H.M. judges, it was found that there had been serious irregularities in its proceedings.

Sir Hamar Greenwood spoke the other day of these inquiries as public. A representative of this paper attended an inquiry, not long ago, described as open to the public and the Press. It was explained to the journalists present that nothing was to be printed without the consent of the court, and it was explained to the court that nobody was allowed there who was not on business. Therefore the world that heard nothing from any other sources would get a pretty good idea from Sir Hamar Greenwood himself of the reign of violence and armed terrorism that his Government has instituted. What, again, would it think of such a statement as this, made last Saturday in answer to the charges brought by Lady Sykes and other responsible persons, of torture and flogging? "He knew of no case in which there was clear evidence of a prisoner having been tortured." This is the most that a Chief Secretary who has never been scrupulous in his statements can say in answer to a charge the like of which has not been levelled in these islands in the lifetime of any man now living. When it is known that the Chief Secretary has gone for this evidence to the men accused of torture, and not to their accusers, the world knows what to make of his cautious reply. As for the general insolence and brutality with which the Irish people are treated, we need only note his admission that his armed forces took away the furniture of a convent for their own barracks, or his admission that an Irish magistrate was forced from a tram by a constable at the point of a bayonet, or his admission that a very distinguished soldier was carried round Dublin as a hostage on an armed lorry because he had protested against such practices, or the general tone of the "Weekly Summary," which is full of insults to Irishmen who are dead, to Irishwomen who are in mourning, and to the religion and culture of the Irish people.

This is not Ireland's tragedy, because Ireland will survive this oppression. It is England's tragedy, because the nation is allowing something to happen within sixty miles of its shores which it would denounce with passion if it were happening anywhere else in Europe. The evil that Ireland is suffering is manifest. How many of the Englishmen and Englishwomen who are letting Sir Hamar Greenwood and his colleagues disgrace our traditions, imagine the evil that England is suffering and is going to suffer? Some of our leading soldiers are asking what kind of training in discipline we are giving to the soldiers in Ireland, mere boys most of them, who will serve sooner or later in other and distant parts of the Empire. A nation cannot commit this crime, introduce these practices, and set up this kind of police without paying the penalty. In the bitter social war that followed Waterloo, some of the spies and *agents provocateurs* whom the Government employed had had their training in 1798: Auxiliaries and Black-and-Tans are boasting that their services will soon be needed in England. Every tradition that has acted as a restraint on violence in English history has been

broken: the great legal principle which put the law above the official, and justice above the will of the Executive, has been destroyed; and there is nothing to prevent any Government from applying in England the general system that the Bolsheviks, like their Tsarist predecessors, apply in Russia. The Continent has looked enviously at England as a country where the passions that bring revolution and violence elsewhere were checked by this settled habit of legality. Ministers, for the sake of a violent victory in Ireland, are deliberately sacrificing the spirit and the principles on which a nation relies in times of excitement and difficulty. The traditions they despise are part of our national strength, and not merely part of our liberal history. In all this pandemonium of crime in Ireland something is being born and something is dying. Ireland is suffering, but she is gaining something. England is suffering little, but she is losing everything. That is why the tragedy is ours, not Ireland's.

A London Diary.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has been definitely, and even defiantly, elected leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons, Captain Pretymann (according to the "Times") coupling the event with dark hints as to "clever rogues" who were not to be thought of in such a connection. But if Mr. Chamberlain leads the Commons, what does Mr. George lead? Well, nothing in particular. He remains useful, for he is the gravitational force in a diatom which may split asunder at any moment. But his position, with Mr. Chamberlain as the elected leader of a Conservative Party, is a very different one from what it was with Mr. Bonar Law as a kind of head house-carle in Downing Street. Mr. Law was under the Georgian spell; Mr. Chamberlain is a rather stiff and independent character, and Mr. George likes to have to do with people who love him. Mr. Law had no marching orders, save those he took in, with the morning's milk, at 10, Downing Street; Mr. Chamberlain is under a kind of commission to do things, *e.g.*, to set the House of Lords up again, to maintain the liquor traffic, and to bring in Protection. Obviously there are more thorns than gems in the crown that is being rather firmly pressed down on the Prime Minister's brows; and he must wear it uneasily.

WHAT, therefore, will he do? The entanglement is real, and he will try to escape it. He is a good political soldier, and he knows the value of attack. Like Napoleon in the Waterloo campaign, he has to fear the possible fire of two hostile forces, and it will be his natural strategy to strike before they unite, and thus beat them in detail. If no such union is possible or contemplated, then indeed there is no such hurry. But there remains an essentially dubious poise between a strong Tory wing, organized and aggressive, and under a separate leadership, and a weak, expiring "Liberal" wing, with which his personal sympathies lie, but for which he will make no sacrifices whatever. It seems clear then that he will "opt" for Toryism. But it will not be the Toryism of Lord Salisbury. Nationalism, Imperialism, Capitalism, Protectionism, will be the substance of his electoral appeal. But the form is bound to be demagogic and anti-revolutionary; so that we may have a second "classes and masses"

election within three years. That would seem to be a phenomenally reckless thing to do; but Mr. George's new relation with Toryism renders it practically inevitable.

MEANWHILE, nothing can be more absurd than the suggestion that there is no "alternative" Government to the Coalition. A pure Labor Government would be quite practicable. It would be difficult, for it would imply (a) a victory of practically all the leaders at the polls; (b) a liberal admixture of the intellectuals—Mr. Webb, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Tawney—and (c) a dubious position in the Lords. But, assuming a Labor-Liberal arrangement, and the victory at the polls of some or all of the men I have enumerated below, it would be easy to draw up a Government greatly superior in intellect, ability, and moral force to Mr. George's Administration. Take, for example, this:—

Prime Minister:—Lord Robert Cecil.
 Chancellor of the Exchequer:—Mr. McKenna.
 Home Secretary:—Mr. Clynes.
 Minister of Education:—Lord Haldane.
 Lord Chancellor:—Mr. Asquith.
 Secretary for Ireland:—Lord Henry Bentinck.
 Indian Secretary:—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.
 Under-Secretary:—Mr. Spoor.
 Minister of Health:—Mr. Sidney Webb.
 Colonial Secretary:—Sir Donald Maclean.
 Foreign Secretary:—Lord Buckmaster.
 Under-Secretary:—Mr. Noel Buxton.
 Secretary to the Treasury:—Mr. Keynes.
 President of the Board of Trade:—Mr. Thomas.
 Minister of Labor:—Mr. Bevin or Mr. Gosling.
 War Secretary:—Mr. Henderson.
 First Lord of the Admiralty:—Commander Kenworthy.
 Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (pending Dominion Home Rule):—Lord Aberdeen.
 Lord Privy Seal:—Lord Parmoor.
 Attorney-General:—Sir John Simon, pending the abolition of "Dora," and the re-establishment of civil rights.
 Chief Whips and other Ministers:—Colonel Wedgwood, Captain Benn, Mr. Oswald Mosley, Mr. Snowden, Colonel Herbert, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Graham.

Lord Grey should be commissioned to negotiate an Anglo-American understanding, made possible by the liberation of Ireland, and the re-establishment of free trade.

I ASSUME from the absence of Mr. Gardiner's Saturday article in the "Daily News" that his connection with that paper has ceased, and that its rather rueful pages will lack in future the one pen that seemed to have a definite political creed and force of conviction behind it. There has always been plenty of ability on the "Daily News," and though it has sometimes been difficult to see how much of its views and news it drew from Downing Street, and how much from some more Pierian spring, one could often see what its writers were aiming at. But Mr. Gardiner was its only preacher. What is extraordinary is that a newspaper with such a past should drop its missionary side as if it were a stale sandwich thrown out of a railway carriage. I know that the idea of the modern young man is that you must never say what you mean, or, at least, say it so cleverly that only a bosom or two can guess its terrific, but carefully concealed, purport. But though that may do well, say, for the "Esoteric Monthly," let me, as an old journalist, assure

the "Daily News" that it is not the "stuff" (I think that is the accredited term) for Bouverie Street. The "Daily News" has a past. In the course of it it has accumulated a mass of readers unlike that attached to any other journal, and accustomed to be addressed as if there were such a thing as political principle and a way of commending it to men's reason and conscience. Such people do not want a thinner and feebler "Daily Mail," and they will either go elsewhere for their accustomed diet, or will lose the service of a daily paper altogether.

I OBSERVE the "Times" to be much and properly concerned about the Government's new "Star Chamber Bill," otherwise the "Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Bill," under which, at least in its original form, matters of urgent importance can be inquired into by Commissions, and subjects of the King held guilty of "contempt," imprisoned for three months, and refused representation by a lawyer. That is part of the existing tyranny; but its authors seem to have forgotten that, like all such weapons, it is double-edged, and that if an advanced party gets into power, instead of having these things done to it, it can do them. Thus did the Bolsheviks turn the Okhrana into the Extraordinary Commission. Communists, therefore, may watch such things with great satisfaction. They are not at all enamored of an independent judiciary. On the contrary, they much prefer the Governmental Commission, coming up from the Executive, and dowered by it with these judicial or semi-judicial powers. And here is the thing made to their hand.

THE audiences at the Institut Français are not likely to listen to anything finer than M. Duhamel's address to them on "La Guerre et la Littérature." It was very beautiful French to begin with, admirably, though quietly, spoken. It was also, I suppose, the most moving, as well as the most ironical, indictment of the war that has ever been delivered on a literary platform. What M. Duhamel seemed to wish to impress most deeply on his hearers was the powerlessness of the human mind to comprehend its own suffering and to realize its own existence. This, he insisted, must affect the value of the most important of our contemporary literature—the "littérature de témoignage." The most sensitive of such writers remained confounded and bewildered by the immensity and confusion of the material before them, with the all but impossible task of selection and reduction to shape and form. There was no demand to be made on the imagination, no call for fantastic imagery. "Il suffit seulement de présenter le réel." Hence its unpopularity. It gave no promises, drew no conclusions; it simply presented. He told a charming anecdote of "un de mes blessés," who had lost an arm, leg, and hand, and "a few other little things," and whom he surprised reading a tale of a hero of Fontainebleau who had rejoined his native village with hair turned white, and prematurely aged from the horrors of the battle. His "blessé's" hair was black and his face unlined and serene, and he thought the tale a pretty and well turned one. It was for this "littérature de convention" and its followers that M. Duhamel reserved his finest irony—a literature full of prophecies and promises, which held its dark veil of error and falsity over the war, so that its truth might be irretrievably lost to us.

I AM told that Lord Aberdeen lately offered the Government to go to Ireland at his own risk, and do what in him lay to bring about a reconciliation. I think that was a gallant offer. It was not accepted.

THE women's meeting on Friday was a remarkable demonstration. The Hall was packed to overflowing, and only one hand was put up against the resolution. Lady Bonham Carter and Miss Bondfield carried the audience away with them, but all the speaking was of very high quality. All parties were strongly represented on the platform. I hear that a powerful organization is to be formed for autumn propaganda. There is a strong pro-Irish movement among Unionist women.

AN Ulster correspondent writes me:—"In the midst of much gloom there is in Belfast one cheerful man, a prophet with good tidings. Mr. R. A. White lectured some days ago to the Ulster Anglo-Israel Union. In a brief but undeniably interesting *résumé* of early history he referred to the early arrival in Ireland of portions of the Tribe of Dan whose descendants are now principally in Ulster. The lecturer quoted Genesis to show the pre-eminence Dan was to have in Israel in the latter days. Mr. White said he was convinced from the study of God's Word that the only Parliament that would function in Ireland would be that of Ulster, which would be successful beyond anticipation and continue to be a bulwark of Empire. This is reassuring. I am not sure that it is not seditious. He suggests by omission that Westminster does not function."

SEE mixt the Loved and the Abhorred,
Gross lees with wine's divinest savor,
When Judas sits at his Master's board,
Or Greenwood wears St. Patrick's favor.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

OLD LEARNING RENEWED.

It seems to us that only now has the study of Greek and Latin become worth while—only now when so many look askance at "Classics," and when they are rapidly ceasing to be thought a necessary part of education. For the first time the young seem to have a chance of realizing—of understanding with the mind and heart—what Greek and Roman life actually was, and what their writers meant by all those famous books of theirs. In the last forty years the whole aspect of the Classics has been changed. For about ten years of his early life the present writer was taught nothing else but Greek and Latin, except, to be sure, the Bible, which had grown in him like a part of nature during the previous ten years. But now, whenever he takes up a modern book upon classic literature or history, he feels that he ought to start all over again; for a whole new world opens before him, none the less new that it is the old.

What was wanting in the men who taught him? They were "Senior Classics," University prizemen, scholars of the highest distinction, who could render the exact value of the minutest Greek particle, and turn Shakespeare and Milton into Greek or Latin verse as soon as look at them—verse that would have seemed every bit as good as Sophocles or Virgil, except, perhaps, to those poets themselves. Why is it that when, after all this accurate training, he now takes up a book by Gilbert Murray, or Jane Harrison, or Warde Fowler, or F. M. Cornford, he feels that, if he wanted to know anything about classical literature, he would have to begin all over again? It is true that every work of great literature could be read with fresh revelation at least once every ten years of a man's life. For the understanding brain has grown, and experience—active experience—reveals

fresh meanings and implications at every milestone along its course. It is possible that the boyish mind was incapable of grasping anything more than the exactness of language, the scrupulous accuracy of translation from the classic tongues into its own, and back again. But the writer feels that, in the change which he sees around him, there is something more than the growth of his own experience or mental power. When he revisits the glimpses of his old school, and sees the photographs of famous Greek and Italian places upon the walls of the upper forms, the models of the Parthenon and the theatre at Epidaurus, the large maps of ancient Rome and her surrounding mountains and lakes, the busts of heroes, orators, and poets; or when he reads the youthful essays upon Homeric society, the character of Cicero, and Rome's Provincial Government, then, in deep depression, he asks of fate, "Why was I born so soon?"

But what is true of one humble scholar born before his time, is also true of the human race. It seems as though each age of mankind discovers a new interpretation, a new value in every relic of great literature, no matter how ancient. That Grammarian for whom Browning devised the appropriate funeral upon the mountain top—it was all very well for him to have settled *Hoti's* business, properly based *Oun*, and given us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*, and we are very grateful for his devoted labor; but that happened many centuries ago, and, as the Grammarian well knew, his toil was only a beginning, and from his bones would arise all manner of fresh and vital knowledge. Or we may go still further. It is a common saying that Homer was the Bible of the ancient Greeks, but it is probable that we know more about the Homeric poems, and perceive finer beauties and deeper meanings in them, than the Greeks themselves, just as our Biblical scholars now know much more about the Bible than our ancestors, though our ancestors knew it by heart, and thought every word directly inspired by God. One may doubt whether even we who first read Thucydides towards the end of last century could appreciate his poignant tragedy of Athens as well at that time as in these days when we have been witnessing similar tragedies enacted upon a more stupendous stage; or whether we could then sympathize with Cicero's perplexities so well as some Liberal statesman of last century's complacent school who has beheld his hopes of judicious progress disappointed, and the beneficent measures in which he played so great a part shattered into ruin about him. Or take Euripides; middle-aged men can well remember the time when he was regarded as a dramatist distinctly inferior in power and in language to the other two; to be preserved, in fact, mainly as preliminary exercise for the lower forms in our public schools, because his Greek, though comparatively poor, was comparatively easy. How ludicrous such judgment has been made to appear in the last twenty-five years! Why, we may go further again, and doubt whether the Athenians themselves ever felt for Euripides anything like the understanding and admiration that we feel now.

So each age finds new meaning and new grandeur in writers of true greatness, no matter by how many centuries remote. Perhaps that is why mankind has so often endowed the supreme minds with prophetic powers, not merely as uttering the warnings of God, but as actually foretelling the course of future events—a supposition as embarrassing as Einstein's. Certainly, history has a queer way of fulfilling the intuitions or imaginations of art, just as, on a lower plane, we have seen the disintegration of a politician's character foretold by a portrait painted many years before the disintegration was revealed in actual life; or as, in events apparently

merely accidental, the tragic disaster in "The Great Lover" has been realized in the misfortune of Caruso's loss. But the truth is that the greatest writers, poets, and thinkers have been inspired to work under the aspect of eternity (to use once more that well-worn phrase), and, for that reason, time cannot exhaust their significance.

Merely as one small instance of this new interpretation, this rebirth or second Renaissance of classic wisdom and beauty just when many were exhorting us to throw aside the mouldering old stuff and apply ourselves rather to modern knowledge and more practical pursuits, we may take a little book by Dr. R. S. Conway, Professor of Latin in Manchester University. It is rightly called "New Studies of a Great Inheritance," for it chooses various points in the lives or writings of the most familiar among the Roman writers and examines them afresh with all the knowledge and understanding of present scholarship and life. It is justly dedicated to Dr. Warde Fowler, revered long ago from a distance by the present writer for his love of music and his love of birds, and, later, as among the first whose books upon Roman life and religion revealed to an old scholar how lamentable it was to have been born too soon. Dr. Conway carries on the same fresh tradition—the tradition of entering the ancient writers in the spirit of adventure and exploration. Cicero, Virgil, Horace—what themes could be so familiar? But put into the hands of a sixth-form boy forty years ago, this little book would have come as a revelation, a new planet, a glorious vision, full of promise and surmise. It is but an examination of things that looked so obvious—of words and passages and poems so familiar that they slid unquestioned through the mind, as carelessly accepted as the yawp of the milkman or the crowing of cocks. Cicero, Horace, Virgil—what memories of boredom to most of us the names call up! At best dull associations with a conceited, irresolute lawyer; a chirrupy, self-satisfied verse-maker who seldom rose to poetry; and an imitative poet who selected a theme unsuited to his temperament, and got so bored with it that he had the decency never to finish. But what new illumination Dr. Conway throws upon these wearisome names—"The Inner Experience of Cicero" (with that subtle distinction of moods traced in the use of "ego" or "nos" in the Letters to express his true and better self or his overweening conceit, as of modern Royalty); or "Horace as Poet Laureate" (showing how the poet eschewed vulgarity and so remains prominent still in the education of "gentlemen.")

Perhaps it would be to familiar old Virgil that one would turn first, and with the greatest pleasure; for in him one would always find so sweet and reasonable a spirit. That country-bred lad who could speak in praise of country life with so much greater knowledge and intimacy than all the "pastoral" poets; that shy and delicate nature, who seldom cared to express in obvious words all the meanings and feelings of his heart; that meditative soul, so often, like his counterpart among our own poets, haunted by

"Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;"

that is the man whom the present writer has long regarded as "the first of modern poets," a title so often claimed for others. Every essay in this book confirms that judgment. How excellent, for instance—how excellent, if only the "Medea," the "Troades," and so much else in Euripides did not come into one's head—is this passage upon Dido:—

"The truth is that the main suggestion, the animating spirit of Virgil's picture, anticipated the

growth of social ethics, not by one or two generations, but by at least ten centuries, for the central idea of the ethical movement which marked what we call the age of chivalry in medieval Europe, is contained in the teaching of this Book." (Æneid IV.)

Of the incalculable influence of "The Classics" upon our political life, as Dr. Conway reveals it, we have not space to speak now. We would only advise such few lovers of freedom as may survive to learn or teach by heart his final chapter called "Education and Freedom"; for its lesson was never more needed in this country than now. It concludes with the words:—

"If you wish to instil into a boy's mind a conception of freedom, give him to read that story of the struggle of Athens with Persia in the patriotic drama of the poet Æschylus, who fought himself at Marathon; give him to read the defence of Plataea in Thucydides, or any one of the great speeches of Demosthenes against Philip; and he will come away with a knowledge of the meaning of freedom that no experience can blot out, with a respect for the free spirit which no hardness or bitterness of life will ever wholly extinguish."

The Drama.

THE HARD CASE.

St. Martin's Theatre.—"A Bill of Divorcement." A Play in Three Acts. By Clemence Dane.]

ONE must imagine time put forward to Christmas, 1932. The recommendations of the Commission on Divorce have been carried into effect. They have become law some five years before the play opens. The law is called a Bill in the dialogue, but that is only a mistake. It is an Act, and legally there is no longer any dispute that a husband or wife who has been deserted for three years, or whose wife or husband has been certified a habitual drunkard or incurably insane, can obtain a divorce and is free to marry again without legal impediment. The drama turns upon the third condition—the case of incurable insanity. It turns upon that mainly, but there is a subsidiary motive, concerned not with law, but with nature.

The legal motive brings the disaster when Hilary Fairfield (Mr. Malcolm Keen), who was supposed to have been rendered incurably insane by shell-shock during the war, and has been shut up in an asylum for seventeen years or so, suddenly, unexpectedly, and most unfortunately recovers his wits; recovers them at all events enough to escape and be allowed at large. His wife, Margaret Fairfield (Miss Lilian Braithwaite), who had been just the sort of girl to rush into a war marriage of mingled pity and sentiment, has secured her legal divorce a year before, and now within a week is to marry the man who truly loves her, the one man she has ever truly loved. Her daughter (child of Hilary), Sydney Fairfield (Miss Meggie Albanesi), frank, free-spoken, free-thinking, impetuous, young and "modern," is present on the scene also, just verging to an engagement with Kit Pumphrey, the vicar's son. So all is merry as Christmas that Christmas Day, through the hours of which the drama is to be enacted. It is true that Hilary's sister, Hester Fairfield (Miss Agnes Thomas), highly disapproves both of the Divorce Law and of this divorce. But she is merely a cold shade from prin and prudish times—"one of those twitching, high-minded, elderly ladies in black, who keep a grievance as they might keep a pet dog—as soon as it dies they replace it by another." She is the Victorian conscience, irritating but not entirely negligible yet.

In the midst, the divorced husband, the forgotten father, reappears, sane (passably sane) and in his right mind, so far as his mind ever was right. Of the dramatic points in the play this, on the whole, is the most dramatic. The man enters the half-familiar room. He finds his daughter alone. At first he mistakes her for

her mother (Miss Albanesi and Miss Braithwaite are not in the least alike, but that does not matter). The mother returns from church. He rushes upon her, longing only for the joyful embrace. Within a week she is to be married to the only man she has loved. All her hope of new life is shattered. Blind to all but the joy of return, he sees only life renewed. One may imagine the drama of the situation, and the opportunity for the actors, who, indeed, take it admirably.

Here, then, is the "clash" of drama. On the one side stand love and life, on the other old custom, old "religion," and pity, that terrible third. It has been commonly said that the dramatist intended to condemn the proposed Divorce Act by showing to what complications it might lead. There is no necessity to imagine such an intention. She merely uses the law to secure the dramatic situation. She shows us one of those "hard cases" that are proverbial in law, but for which no law can provide and none need be altered. One lunatic, thought to be incurable, does recover; but we must think of the thousands of cases in which there is no recovery, and in which a merciful law releases the husband or wife from an intolerable position. The dramatist does not preach, but, if anything, we should say she is on the side of the new law. The old family doctor (Mr. Stanley Lathbury) comes in to see the recovered patient, and he utters judgment:—

"When conditions are evil, it is not your duty to submit. When conditions are evil, your duty, in spite of protests, your duty, though you trample on the bodies of your nearest and dearest to do it, though you bleed your own heart white, your duty is to see that those conditions are changed. If your laws forbid you, you must change your laws. If your church forbids you, you must change your church; and if your God forbids you, why then, you must change your God."

When the rigid aunt asks what about those who cannot change, he answers that they must stifle, like a snake that can't cast its skin. "Grow or perish—it's the law of life." Even stronger is the evidence of the former wife, the present lover of another man. When the vicar and the aunt urge her to return to the man she had once married—to return in the name of decency and religion—she replies deliberately, "I think you're wicked. I think you're both wicked." That, to us, is the purport of the play, if purport must be sought—the wickedness of all that is implied in marriage where there is no love, and where love has passed to another.

Against that wickedness even Margaret Fairfield can fight with success, though she is usually swaying this way and that under the will of the strongest person near her. But to pity and sentiment she is ready to fall again, as she fell in her girlhood. She is on the point of giving way to her former husband's miserable and violent entreaties when, at the last gasp, she is saved by her daughter. Here that subsidiary motive of which we spoke comes into play. The daughter, that charming, clear-eyed, and plain-spoken girl, has discovered from the Victorian aunt that shell-shock was not the only cause of her father's illness. Others in the family had been "queer." There was another aunt who had been "queer" for ten years, and then recovered. But if insanity may be hereditary, what about her marriage with Kit? She had looked forward to "half-a-dozen kids," what if the disease reappears in them? By a stroke of irony, she and Kit have been writing a pamphlet on eugenics together. Love must go. The hope of children and all must go. With a few heartrending taunts she drives her lover away. She comes downstairs just as her mother, playing a second Candida, is telling her future husband that she must remain with the past because Hilary is weak and needs her most. The daughter tells her to go and get married. "Father—he's my job, not yours." And the mother does go and get married, and Sydney stays beside the man whose nature and misfortune she shares.

The end is rather rapid. Kit is as dense, inarticulate, and self-occupied as such men are, but one can hardly believe he would be put off so quickly by the girl who loves him. The mother is an unstable creature, but one can hardly believe she would take her own happiness

so readily at such a cost. Those are the two weaknesses in a play otherwise strongly wrought and abounding in powerfully contrived situations. It has not the universality of Ibsen or Shaw; but it certainly stands among the best work of recent stagecraft. As for the acting, it is excellent throughout. Miss Meggie Albanesi has the most attractive part, and she keeps it at the most attractive. The dialogue abounds in the laughter of wit and of irony.

H. W. N.

Letters from the Dominions.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—By the time these lines reach England the result of the fresh election in the two constituencies where there was a tie will be known. Whatever it may be, the main features of the General Election cannot be affected. The Labor Party, which a year ago was entitled to look forward to a career full of promise, has been almost wiped out. The Nationalists have just held their own. The enlarged South African Party is in a powerful position, and should be able to maintain itself for at least three years.

To consider the Labor Party first, it must be admitted that it owed its phenomenal progress a year ago to the high cost of living. There has been no very great change in this factor, but the social legislation put through by the South African Party during the 1920 Session was adequate in that it convinced the electorate of the Government's sincere desire to live up to its pledges in that regard. Given this important fact, in conjunction with the adroit use made of the issue of secession, and it was easy to foresee that Labor would get some nasty knocks. Very few competent observers, however, had anticipated that the blow would be quite so severe as it has proved to be; the defeat of both Colonel Creswell and Mr. Kentridge, in the East and West of Johannesburg respectively, is crushing in its effect. In the constituencies where they were not fighting each other, Labor and Nationalism combined against the South African Party, but even this co-operation did not avail against the fear of thousands of working men that a secessionist administration might come about. A few abortive strikes during the election period, coupled with some hooliganism, helped to spoil Labor's chances.

The Nationalists had great expectations. They thought that at last their chance had come to wipe out the Smuts following in the country constituencies. They had some ground for their expectations, especially after the Provincial Council elections in 1920 in the Transvaal, which were fatal to the Government. General Hertzog made an astute move by declaring in his manifesto of December last that "the question as to whether we were going to have a Republic now was not an issue in this election." This was calculated to reassure the more timid Republicans, while fully satisfying all those who wanted a Republic before all things, convinced as the latter were that, once Nationalism conquered, the "now" would come soon enough. A few fairly prominent politicians of the second and third rank left the South African Party, giving the Unionist amalgamation as an excuse. The Nationalists professed extreme confidence. Generally they predicted that, even if they did not obtain an absolute majority over all other parties, they would outnumber the Government supporters and be able to take office whenever it pleased them, with Labor at their backs.

The result of it all is well known. Nationalism stands where it does, but it has not advanced. It polled a greater number of votes than were cast for it in 1920, but, excepting a few constituencies, it is difficult to say whether this increase is the result of conversions. Both of the principal parties to the struggle made extraordinary efforts to get every man to the poll (we have not yet introduced female suffrage), and the seeming increase in following may, in most cases, be due to that circumstance.

I now come to the conquerors. Their majority is almost unwieldy, compared to what had been anticipated. Men

with English names preponderate among the new party's representatives in the Assembly. With the old South African Party Dutch a certain amount of anxiety has made itself felt, lest this should lead to the perversion, in an Imperialistic sense, of the genuine Botha policy. Men like Merriman and Burton, however, who belonged to the South African Party from the start, can hardly be counted among the pronouncedly Imperialist influences in the new party, although the Nationalists are doing their best to make their Dutch-speaking opponents think that they can. As to the ex-Unionists, it may be said of several of them that, if the Nationalists did not succeed in stampeding the Dutch South African Party vote, it was not their fault. Stress was laid from the beginning on the fact that the Unionists made no bargain; they joined the South African Party unconditionally. It only struck most of us fairly late in the day that this particular knife cut both ways, and that the Unionists, who were supposed to embrace the South African Party's programme and principles, might in reality stick to their own. In effect, this is what several of them, in answer to heckling, said they had done. They were tactless about it, too, and their admissions were worth a great deal to the Nationalists.

Among the Unionist members of the new Government, Advocate Duncan (who was brought to this country by Lord Milner, but has become quite a Radical) is a foregone conclusion for a portfolio. Sir Thomas Smartt, his leader, is regarded by many of the old South African Party men—including, so it is whispered, the more prominent among them—as belonging too much to the old guard. There are similar objections to Mr. Jagger, the Capetown merchant and financial critic. Nevertheless, there are sure to be ex-Unionists in the Cabinet; and, conditions or no conditions, it was fairly well understood from the beginning that this would be so. Hence the statement, which appears to have been repeated by a large section of the Press in England, as to the "great sacrifices made by the Unionists in dissolving their party" is moonshine. Mr. Duncan practically admitted this at their Congress when, in persuading the die-hards to give in, he asked: "What chance have we, if we hold out, ever to get any nearer the realization of our own ideals?"

There are one or two features of the position that can only be lightly touched upon in this article. For instance, while it is perfectly true that the Union has for the time being escaped a great danger by obtaining an Assembly pledged to the present Constitution, the number of votes cast for Labor and Nationalism combined is almost as great as that given to the South African Party. Incidentally, this means that our whole electoral system is wrong, which must be plain to everyone who knows that the South African Party has not a single member for the Free State, whereas it commands one-third the voting strength of that province. In the second place, the identification of Nationalism with the slightly educated backveld is the greatest possible mistake. Bloemfontein South and Potchefstroom, which are in the main urban constituencies, returned Nationalists. Losberg and Prieska, which are almost entirely rural, support the Government. The younger generation, including thousands with English names, is largely Nationalist to-day, and this may strongly influence future developments. Thirdly, the Nationalist Party contains several excellent tacticians, Tielman Roos being one of them. These men will do their best to multiply trouble for the Government with its very mixed team, and it is unlikely that the new Parliament should last its full five years. The cry of "Capitalism-Jingoism" raised by the Nationalists, essentially ridiculous, seeing that they have their capitalists, too, will not die down just yet; the South African Party certainly has most of the big purses on its side. The average elector's apathy, as regards party organization, and particularly his slowness in contributing to party funds, gives the moneyed men a lever. It will have to be the constant care of the democratic element in the party to prevent that lever from being used unduly, because at the next election the secession issue will not be quite so effective as it was this time. Meanwhile, General Smuts is going to attend the Imperial Conference. Its work will powerfully affect our politics.—Yours, &c.,

TSE-TSE.

S. Africa. February 15th, 1921.

Letters to the Editor.

LORD SANDHURST AND BLANCO POSNET.

SIR,—In your notice of "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet" in your last issue, you have, in doing justice to me, done an injustice to Lord Sandhurst. He did not impose the ban: he removed it. The fact that no distinction is apparent to the public between Lord Sandhurst and his amazing predecessor proves the truth of my old contention that though the defenders of the Censorship lean so heavily on the control of the drama by an ideal personage described variously as a common-sense Englishman, an English gentleman and man of the world, and so forth, yet the nature of the institution is such that the best of censors cannot do perceptibly otherwise than the worst. The nobleman to whom Lord Sandhurst succeeds very naturally determined that he would not be a nobleman for nothing. Being privileged to wipe his boots on common persons, he wiped them vigorously and hilariously. He was exactly like Maubec, the aristocrat in Anatole France's "L'Île des Pingouins," whose reply to a democratic remonstrance ended with the formula, "Recevez mon pied dans vos sept cents derrières."

When the public complained that he had licensed "Dear Old Charlie" and banned Tolstoy's "Powers of Darkness," he retorted by making the author of "Dear Old Charlie" his official reader of plays; and he asked, with unaffected ignorance, "Who is Tolstoy?" His last act on laying down his office was to appoint a superannuated Civil Servant as successor to the author of "Charlie." He was boisterously contemptuous of public opinion, of literature, art, the theatre, and the untitled, unrepresented-at-Court riff-raff generally. To every attack made on him he responded by an uproarious insult. He was, I think, the only man who ever got any real enjoyment out of the quaint connection of the Lord Chamberlain with the theatre, amusing himself, and incidentally amusing me. But his exuberant sallies were lost on the public. Lord Sandhurst is as unlike him, both officially and personally, as one human being can be unlike another human being of the same nation and class; and yet you, with your cultivated *flair* for differences in public men, have not noticed any change! In the theatre department of St. James's Palace it does not matter whether to Amurath an Amurath succeeds: the mildest and sanest autocrat cannot change the effect of the institution sufficiently to produce the faintest sigh of relief.

But the ban on Blanco Posnet was started by the late Reader Redford. Mr. Redford was an honest and well-meaning man; but his mind, on the plane of Posnetic theology, did not exist. He simply said, as a common-sense Englishman, "It cannot be right to call God a mean one and a sly one. I cannot allow it." And he didn't. He was rather like those clerics who, when Joan of Arc was being tried for heresy, could not understand the charge, and kept trying to prove that she, like Blanco Posnet, had stolen the horse of the Bishop of Beauvais. He was also a little like Sir Hamar Greenwood, who, being Chief Secretary for Ireland, wears shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, and will no doubt wear a cross on Good Friday. To Mr. Redford a playwright was a sort of hatter who had to fit his head exactly. He was indulgent when the hats were a trifle tightish; but some of Tolstoy's hats and my hats were too large for him; and a hat that is too large acts as an extinguisher. No censor can be expected to stand that.

But I must not waste any more of your space on a subject about which no Englishman cares twopence. For that very reason, however, it is left to me to vindicate Lord Sandhurst. Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

"H. W. M." writes: "I apologize to Lord Sandhurst. Indignation disturbed my memory. It seemed so scandalous that the State should have labelled as blasphemous a play which would more fitly have been opened with prayer by the Archbishop of Canterbury and closed with the benediction pronounced by Cardinal Bourne that, for the moment, I took my eye off the actual offender."

THE PROSPECTS OF THE PLUMAGE BILL.

SIR,—A remark in your review of Sir Frederick Treves's book, that "pigeons do not yield plumes suited for hats,"

induces me to beg you, so valiant and consistent a supporter of the Plumage Bill, to allow me to tell your readers how things stand with this year's Bill.

Your reviewer, sir, is wrong. The top-knot, Nicobar, crowned, crested, and Goura pigeons—the handsomest of the Columbidae—are massacred so extensively for their bridal ornaments that most of them are on the verge of extermination or fearfully reduced, like the todies, birds of paradise, trogons, kingfishers, flamingoes, tanagers, huia birds, condors, albatrosses, numerous species of humming-bird, grebe, spoon-bill, lyre bird, quetzal, oriole, bower-bird, bee-eater, ibis, crane, tern, pelican, and others too many to catalogue.

At our request, forty M.P.s balloted for a Bill at the opening of the session, and we secured eighth place in a very long list. The Bill will be conducted by Mr. Trevelyan Thomson, Liberal Member for Middlesbrough W., who has the support of Unionist, Liberal, and Labor backers, including Sir Charles Yate and his leading supporters of last year. We have also collected the signatures of just under 250 M.P.s as petitionaries to the Government: "to give facilities for the passage of the Bill without delay," and Lady Astor, at our public meeting yesterday, declared that no M.P.s outside the trade influence, numbering a handful, were anything but favorable to the Bill. No private Bill, in fact, has ever begun its career—a career of the utmost importance in safeguarding mankind from plague and famine (such as are depopulating the districts of China where the egrets have been wiped out to a bird)—under better auspices or with a solidier backing. The Bill will be identical with that of last year, except for an extension of the time limit to enable the 600 odd workers (the large majority are children) to be absorbed in the rising industries which are replacing butcher millinery, so that not a single worker will suffer by the suppression of murder for hats. Is this Bill to be once more strangled by a tiny money interest?

The trade will rely this year for its customary obstruction upon the hypothesis of "moulted" egret plumes exported from Venezuela, and the existence of a few egret "farms" in the Scinde district of India, and I must beg for a little space in exposition upon these points. So hateful has this traffic now become to every decent man and woman that the trade has begun to import a few moulted feathers from Venezuela as a blind to public opinion. Such an import cannot become of any commercial value for these reasons. Their collection over an enormous tract of virgin swamp and forest in any quantity is not only impracticable, but, financially, not worth while; such plumes are abraded and discolored, and they are worth one-sixth of the "live" plume taken from the killed nesting birds, which collect in large colonies to breed, and are easily massacred on account of their devotion to their young and refusal to leave them, even while their fellows are being shot down. With regard to the Indian "farms," they are really pens in which the birds are confined. We have received private and indisputable information that the most savage barbarities are practised upon these birds. The decoy birds are blinded by means of feathers passed through their eyelids, and one report says that it hurts the captive birds to have their plumes plucked no more than it hurts us to have our hairs plucked out one by one from our heads. But the real point is that the export of plumage from India is strictly prohibited, so that the trade, by boasting of its imports from Indian "farms," is making open confession of smuggling. If the Indian Government decides to remove this embargo in favor of the admission of farmed egret plumage, we shall be the last to raise any objection. Meanwhile, our object is to preserve the residue of foreign (and, indeed, home bird-life, for bullfinches, goldfinches, swallows, and kingfishers are surreptitiously employed in the trade, as I know for a fact) bird-life from women's hats, and to that end we beg the vigilance of the public in the coming struggle.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

"Plumage Bill Group." March 10th, 1921.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN IRELAND.

SIR,—On February 26th ult. I was arrested and imprisoned in Galway Gaol, and subsequently deported for having in my luggage a copy of a letter I had written to an Anglican bishop. It may throw some light on the Irish situation for my readers to learn the sort of thing for which

one gets four days' imprisonment and deportation in Ireland to-day. The Commanding Officer (an English gentleman, I must remark, whose appearance and manner inspired me with respect and confidence) referred to the document as follows: "Of course, this is Christianity, and we are all Christians, I hope; but it doesn't do to go about saying so. If people went about saying this sort of thing it would make our work impossible." I had said: "I wish to call your attention to one aspect of the matter: the Cure of Souls amongst the Forces of the Crown in Ireland. We have an established Church. Its religion is Christianity. I know that war as such is incompatible with the Christianity of saints, but the 'sort of a war' which we are waging to-day in Ireland is incompatible with the everyday Christianity of ordinary sinners. For the Forces of the Crown are engaged in making some people hungry, naked, sick, and in prison for crimes which other people have committed."

The ordinary British soldier is a good fellow and a Christian. He shouts that he will "stand up for Jesus," and he means it. He goes on his way as one of a "happy band of pilgrims," "with Jesus as his fellow." Those lines came into my head to-day as I stood by the ruins of nine more homes destroyed a fortnight ago in the little village of Abbeydarny, and when I was alone I cried with shame and disappointment.

The police are saved the mockery of Church Parade, but if any individuals attend divine service they may well echo the prayer of the Psalmist: "Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow. Let them beg their bread; Yea, let them seek it in desolate places." The children of Tralee to-day are seeking their bread in desolate places, and seeking it in vain. They are pinched and shivering with cold, half naked and under-nourished, their homes burned down, their fathers imprisoned or out of work, while Black-and-Tans swagger amongst the ruins they have made, and Auxiliary Cadets spend their pound a day on encouraging the liquor trade.

"Christianity is swept away by the war," said an officer of the Black-and-Tans to me the other day. "We are down at the bed-rock of human nature—hatred and revenge."

But the bed-rock of human nature contains other things besides hatred and revenge—it contains compassion and brotherly love, and the desire to bear one another's burdens.

If this dirty work has to be done, should we not all lend a hand in doing it?

I am convinced that the mere presence of Englishwomen puts a check upon the bullying by the forces. Does not this suggest a possible line of action?—Yours, &c.,

M. K. BRADBY.

212, Belsize Road, Kilburn, N.W. 6.

WILFRED OWEN.

SIR,—I am distressed to find that a statement which I felt it necessary to make, but found it almost impossible to express in words, has been made the pretext for opening a debate by correspondence, in your columns, such as rarely enhances the dignity of its participants.

Will you allow me to close this correspondence as gently as possible, by repeating the story here, using Owen's own words so far as they are relevant? First, in a letter to myself dated "Sunday Evg."—apparently August 11th, 1918. "I was struck off the draft by the M.O. this morning. He won't pass my cardiac valves. . . . Yes, I got myself put on the draft list of 22 officers, but couldn't work it this time." I was then in London, and thought it possible that an appointment as an instructor in England (for which I was in a position to recommend though not to select candidates) might be given to Owen. Previously he had been disqualified as being fit for general service; to which, also, he had expressed a very strong desire to return. But now an application was made for his services at home, and was refused by the Department concerned, on the ground that the state of health in which he had come home a year earlier implied a shock to and consequent weakening of his moral, and that such "cases" were not to be put in positions, in any way privileged, at home. I do not pretend to quote the official language of the official argument; I have told the story to illustrate that astounding paradox in the military mind, that the only men who deserve the—theoretically disgraceful—offices behind the front are those who are themselves so

martial as to prefer engaging with the enemy. Which, had the Army Council only known it, Owen humanly enjoyed, as a letter of October 7th seems to show: "I received your note," which told him of my arrival at G.H.Q., "in a pill-box which I and my glorious little company had captured a few hours previously. You may be able to inform yourself of the circumstances and Effects (in the Sassoonic sense) of our attack (2nd Man. Regt.) of Oct. 1st. I'm really glad to have been recommended, and hope a M.C. will come through—for the confidence it will give me in dealing with civilians. I'm frightfully busy (as O.C. 'D.'), and many glorious cries of the blood still lying on my clothes will have to be stifled. . . . I find I never wrote a letter with so much difficulty as this. Perhaps I am tired after writing to so many relations of casualties. Or perhaps from other causes. I am far enough out of the line to feel the acute discomfort of Billets (ramshacks of corrugated iron). Do write soon, with all the news you can spare of Peace Possibilities."

Peace came a few weeks later, but a few days too late. Meanwhile, a great number of almost incredibly gallant young men, whose cardiac valves were, perhaps, a trifle affected, enjoyed positions of responsibility, safety, and comparative comfort at home; I do not blame them, but I miss Wilfred Owen.—Yours, &c.,

C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

Savile Club. March 14th, 1921.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,565	9	5
D. S.	1	1	0
	£1,566	10	5

Poetry.

THREE SONNETS.

[From "A Rebel's" Calendar.]

I.

Our lives in parallel unending lie;
But, as new seasons new horizon spread,
My scarce rul'd hopes are with impatience sped
To that contagious point, where thou and I
Should meet; and when their too impassion'd eye
Has made approach, the fickle point is fled
To the utmost margin, far diminished,
And thence again removed will hope defy.
Such constancy of separation seems
Like to a bitter judgment of this ill:
That hope has wantoned in deceit of dreams
And made belief of its obsequious will.
Must I confess both life and death can sever,
And love between us disappoint for ever?

II.

Kisses are but the current coin of love,
And he will suffer fevered pestilence
Who, careless of the use, spends the sweet sense
And rich addition, till at last he prove,
As that sad prodigal in swinish drove,
Wastage in fulness; but no less expense
Love has, which all begrudges, that from thence
It gets no wealth its former wealth above.
Is then a kiss too dear a sacrifice.
Its speculation still too great a price
For pride expended; and thou still maintain
That in the sudden treasure is no gain?
Oh, let us not, as misers, come to lose
What by concealment dies, as by abuse.

III.

How many a time the wanton whip of spring,
Lays frozen lash on the first petals bare!
How, when she has of sport a surfeiting,
She turns unto her April debonair,
And couched on golden dew commands the sun
Drive with his crook the sheepish clouds in twain,
And then espying all her flowers undone,
She sobs, pleads, coaxes, smiles, and sobs again!
So bitter also has this wooing been
That we have pledged a fortune to despair;
And let so cold a winter intervene,
As no hereafter sweetness will repair.
Hearts suffer from the peril of the rose;
Once the frost bites, she cannot all uncloze.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

WEDNESDAY.

ALTHOUGH the Stock Exchange has recently recaptured a little cheerfulness, it can hardly be said that the City can look back on the quarter of the financial year now ending with anything but unhappy memories. General uncertainty still prevails, and uncertainty is a deadly clog on business. No relief has come to uncertainty with regard to reparations or any other phase of international finance, nor as to the duration of the trade depression. The exchanges still illustrate deplorably the instability of international conditions. The once hoped-for "economy Budget" has faded into thin air. Even monetary prospects are not yet quite clear. The recent reduction in Treasury Bill rates seems to be a definite earnest of cheaper money, but when Bank Rate will go down and whether by half per cent. or one per cent. is uncertain. It is just possible a reduction may be effected to-morrow, but best opinion inclines to the view that it will wait until the financial year is well over. Little progress has been made with floating debt reduction, and the year's accounts are likely to show that the Chancellor has fallen far short of even the modest £70 millions reduction provided for in his Budget. The uncertainty of present conditions is well illustrated by the extraordinarily poor response accorded to the recent loans by Liverpool and Birmingham. It was thought that the reduction in Treasury Bill rates would enhance the attraction of the terms, 5½ per cent. at 90, but nearly 75 per cent. of each loan went to the underwriters. This result contrasts strangely with the success of recent high class investment issues.

The City is by no means unhappy at the prospect of a change of Chancellor, which Mr. Law's retirement foreshadows. Sir Robert Horne's appointment would be well received and Mr. Churchill is spoken of. But the new Chancellor, whoever he is, cannot influence the coming Budget very much, for he will find his task already stereotyped beyond hope of serious alteration.

COMPANY NOTES.

The reports of two more prominent insurance companies disclose, as one is growing accustomed to expect these days, a substantial increase in business. The Employers' Liability Corporation records an advance in premium income from £5,655,761 to £6,799,865. The surplus on the year's underwriting was just under £768,000. A dividend of 4s. per share is paid and the general reserve increased by £157,684. Total reserves are now £7,160,418. The Britannic Assurance Company shows gross income for 1920 nearly £356,000 higher at £2,470,124. Total outgoings, including £101,678 written off securities, amounted to £1,891,780, leaving an income balance of £578,344. After meeting all policy liabilities and providing for contingencies, the surplus is £150,854, out of which £15,000 is added to the staff pension fund, £79,692 divided among shareholders and policy holders in the ordinary branch, the remainder being carried forward.

The Canadian Pacific Railway accounts for 1920 show a large increase from \$176.9 millions to \$216.6 millions in gross earnings, due to higher rates, but this is almost entirely swallowed up by increased working expenses, net earnings, coming out at \$33.1 millions against \$32.9 millions in 1919. The amount available for dividends is, owing to a rise in fixed charges, slightly lower at \$21.9 millions. Borax Consolidated in the year ended September 30th last showed a rise of £34,700 to £388,853 in net profits after allowing for E.P.D. and debenture interest. The 15 per cent. dividend is maintained, allowances to reserves increased, and the carry forward raised by £16,000. The chairman, at the annual meeting on Monday, made a satisfactory statement, and announced the purchase of a Continental works on advantageous terms.

The prospectus of R. E. Jones Ltd., the purchasers of the Piccadilly Hotel, has now appeared, as I foreshadowed last week. The offer is of 700,000 10 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each (with participating rights) at par. This issue may be classed as a not unpromising speculation.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

IF Sir William Orpen's book, "An Onlooker in France" (Williams & Norgate), gets the attention it deserves, then Earl Haig's fund ought to do very well indeed, for it receives the profits. Orpen went to France in the late spring of 1917 to paint war and soldiers. He was there till the end, and, in addition, painted the Peace Conference celebrities. The barriers which shielded civilians from the war were all but impassable. That shield was obdurate and blank, muffling every sound, and it caused the affairs of the battle-front to be as fabulous to Londoners as the rites of the Toltecs. Those affairs now have not even the interest and scope of what is fabulous. Civilians are no longer in danger, and what once happened in France, therefore, has little more interest for us than an earthquake of last year in China. Whoever had the happy thought to get Orpen with his paint-box past those barriers, to record what genius would see in the beyond, deserves our gratitude. It is true we need not look at his work. Many will not. As an artist and a diviner of motives, Orpen knows—and, indeed, sets it down in his book in a specific charge—that jealousy and a resentment which are largely unconscious will cause those who were not "in it" to act, now it is all over, as though there was not much "in it" after all. The scornful soldier will not attempt to deceive us. He will see our indifference to him, and will think it is our baseness and ingratitude; yet no, it is not precisely ingratitude; it is merely that human nature, once out of a grave danger, will, after the first delirious sense of safety, turn from its benefactor simply because it is unpleasant to admit that its fear of a danger was great.

AND Orpen's work reveals with a candor which is casual and shattering just what it was the barrier and the soldiers withheld from us. I mean, of course, his pictures. In this book are reproduced many of those paintings and drawings which both repelled and fascinated those who saw them assembled in Bond Street in 1918. Orpen has that easy mastery of his material which fills the merely competent with awe, and the incompetent with adverse criticism. Some of his scenes of the battle-front, and his portraits of politicians and soldiers, at a first glance give an impression of a gifted artist averse from his subjects. He has thrown these things at us in contempt. "Do you know what you sent me to paint? There it is." Scorn is in his pictures, yet more than that; for, after all, scorn is but a little weak-

ness shown by virtue when its eye lights upon its opposite. We must confess that we should not care for an artist to see us and to paint us as Orpen has painted the men who made the peace. Here, indeed, are some documents for the historian. Compare the faces of the young soldiers, as Orpen saw them, such as the N.C.O. of the Grenadiers, and Rhys Davids, Hoige, and McCudden, with the profiles of the Great Statesmen sitting at Versailles—our Premier in the foreground. Is there a critical comparison invited? Probably not. But Orpen is a ruthless as well as an understanding observer, and if criticism is not there, you may make what you like of the difference he saw. To whom is Orpen cruel when he shows us "Blown-up—Mad"? Or what was he getting at when he took that scene so familiar to soldiers, and called it "A Village—Evening"? The village is, or was, Monchy. It was that kind of a going down of the sun which first put into the minds of young men that God was dead.

THE best thing that Orpen did out there, Hogarthian in its elemental force and bleak veracity, "A Death among the Wounded in the Snow," is reproduced in this volume, but has lost nearly all its virtue in the reduction and reproduction. Where is the original? If it belongs to the nation, it should be in the National Gallery, regardless of what rules there may be against it. For anyone who was out there, it epitomized most of it. One turned from that picture with the feeling that what one had wanted to say, but felt in dismay was beyond human ability to express, was said by Orpen in that small canvas.

BUT the pictures are only a part of Orpen's book. His narrative of his adventures among the generals, the shells, the drinks, the soldiers, and the parasites of every kind, is more than satirical and amusing. How many men who ventured into France for varying reasons have I heard express themselves thus in irony and bewilderment? Here Orpen sets it down. His book is full of excellent stories and sly allusions. Did Intelligence (F Branch) G.H.Q. know what had come to it when Orpen arrived at that hut at Rollencourt? Of course not. It rarely did, unless informed by someone with a little education. It was the same when Masfield turned up on a special mission. I was at the table once when it had to be explained to a Colonel (Intelligence, G.H.Q.) that Northcliffe was Harmsworth. He was greatly surprised. I could see he thought the Press was pulling his leg again. So Orpen was treated like a photographer fellow who had got there by accident, and was trying to get snap-shots of the things he should not.

DO you remember that exhibition of his pictures in 1918? The Press Censor (Intelligence, G.H.Q.), of course, ruled out nearly every one of them. But Orpen is pugnacious and energetic, and he carried the matter to another place. I remember the officer who came to that decision about Orpen's pictures. It was just the sort of thing one would naturally expect of him. One could imagine that at military colleges it is, or used to be, carefully arranged that any allusion to the intelligent activities of mankind is refused as an indecency demoralizing to good soldiers.

H. M. T.

THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

[STRAY THOUGHTS ON PEACE AND WAR. THE HOMELY PERSONAL CONFESSION OF A BELIEVER IN HUMAN UNITY.]

I.—INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE thrown these scattered thoughts, written at intervals during illness, into a somewhat personal form. I have done so intentionally, because I have felt that many persons, even those of high intellectual attainments, were not able to understand what the question of peace and war in its widest aspects meant to certain among us; that, for us, it stands for something far more intimate, personal, and of a far more organic nature than any mere intellectual conclusion—that, for some among us, as a man is compelled to feel the beating of his own heart and cannot shake himself from the consciousness of it, whether he will or no, so we are under a certain psychic compulsion to hold that view which we do hold with regard to war, and are organically unable to hold any other.

There are many ways in which a man at the present day may conscientiously object to war. His forbears may have been objectors and have handed down to him a tradition, which, from his earliest years, has impressed on him the view that war is an evil, not to be trafficked with. His ancestors may have been imprisoned and punished by the men of their own day, for holding what were then entirely new and objectionable views; but, where once a man can prove that he holds any opinions as a matter of inheritance and that they are shared by a certain number of his fellows under a recognized collective name, the bulk of human beings in his society may not agree with him, may even severely condemn him and desire to punish him; but, since the majority of human creatures accept their politics, their religion, their manners and their ideals purely as a matter of inheritance, the mass of men who differ from him are, at least, able to understand *how* he comes by his views. They do not regard him as a monstrosity and an impossibility, and are able to extend to him in some cases a certain limited tolerance; he comes by his views exactly as they come by theirs; and in so far they are able to understand him.

But a man may conscientiously object to war in quite another fashion. He may object to a definite and given war, for some definite, limited reason. He may believe that war to have been led up to by a false and mad diplomacy, to be based on a mistaken judgment of the national interests; to be even suicidal; and therefore he may feel compelled to oppose that particular war while the bulk of men and women in his society desire and approve of it. The unthinking herd, unable to understand or tolerate any opposition to the herd-will of the moment, may regard him as incomprehensibly wicked; but, at least, an appreciable number of intelligent persons, not sharing his view, will understand that a man may be sincerely compelled to oppose certain lines of public action which the majority of his fellows approve. They may hate him for opposing their will, they may attempt to ostracize and crush him; but, in their calmest and most reasonable moments, they do understand that they might themselves under certain circumstances be compelled to act in the same manner, and are willing, therefore, to allow him the virtue of possible sincerity, if nothing else.

But a man may object to war in another and far wider way. His objection to it may not be based on any hereditary tradition, or on the teaching of any organized society, or of any of the great historic figures of the past;

and, while he may indeed object to any definite war for certain limited and material reasons, these are subordinate to the real ground on which his objection rests. He may fully recognize the difference in type between one war and another; between a war for dominance, trade expansion, glory, or the maintenance of Empire, and a war in which a class or race struggles against a power seeking permanently to crush and subject it, or in which a man fights in the land of his birth for the soil on which he first saw light, against the strangers seeking to dispossess him; but, while recognizing the immeasurable difference between these types (exactly as the man who objects to private murder must recognize the wide difference between the man who stabs one who has a knife at his throat and the man who slow-poisons another to obtain a great inheritance), he is yet an objector to all war. And he is bound to object, not only to the final expression of war in the slaying of men's bodies; he is bound to object if possible more strongly to those ideals and aims and those institutions and methods of action which make the existence of war possible and inevitable among men.

Also, while he may most fully allow that certain immediate and definite ends may be gained by the slaughter of man by man—not merely as where Jezebel gained possession of Naboth's vineyard, for a time, by destroying him, or David acquired Uriah's wife by putting him in the forefront of battle, but aims even otherwise excusable or even laudable—he is yet compelled to hold that no immediate gain conferred by war, however great, can compensate for the evils it ultimately entails on the human race. He is therefore unable to assist not merely in the actual carnage of war, but, as far as possible, in all that leads to its success.

This is the man, often not belonging to any organized religion, not basing his conviction on the teachings of authority external to himself, whom it appears so difficult if not impossible for many persons, sometimes even of keen and critical intellectual gifts, to understand.

We have, in South Africa, a version of a certain well-known story. According to this, an old Boer from the backveld goes for the first time to the Zoological Gardens at Pretoria and sees there some of the, to him, new and quite unknown beasts. He stands long and solemnly before one, and looks at it intently; and then, slowly shaking his head, he turns away. "*Daar is nie zoo'n dier nie!*" ("There is not such a beast") he remarks calmly, as he walks away.

This story returns often to the mind at the present day, when watching the action of certain bodies of men called upon to pass judgment on the psychic conditions of their fellows, on the matter of slaughter and war. The good shopkeeper, the worthy farmer, the town councillor, the country gentleman, and dashing young military man may understand perfectly their own businesses of weighing and measuring goods, rearing cattle, levying rates, or polo playing, or the best way to cut and thrust in the slaughter of war; but, when suddenly called upon to adjudge on psychological phenomena of which they have no personal experience, they are almost compelled to come to the conclusion of the good old backveld Boer—"Daar is nie zoo'n dier nie!" "There is no such thing as a Conscientious Objector! He may stand before us; he may tell us what he feels; but we have no experience of such feelings.

We know, therefore, that such a being *cannot* exist—and, therefore, it *does* not!"

In the few pages that follow I have allowed, as I said, a personal element to enter, and I have done so intentionally. As a rule, the more the personal element is eliminated in dealing with the large impersonal problems of human life, the wiser the treatment will be; and it is perhaps always painful in dealing with that to be viewed by those not in sympathy, to touch on those phases of life sacred to the individual as they never can be to any other. But I have felt that, perhaps only by a very simple statement of what one insignificant human creature has felt and does feel, it might perhaps be possible for me to make clear to some of my fellows that such a being as the universal conscientious objector to war does exist.

We are a reality! We do exist. We are as real as a bayonet with human blood and brains along its edge; we are as much a part of the universe as coal or lead or iron; you have to count us in! You may think us fools, you may hate us, you may wish we were all dead; but it is at least something if you recognize that we are. "To understand all is to forgive all," it has been said; and it is sometimes even something more; it is to sympathize, and even to love, where we cannot yet fully agree. And therefore, perhaps, even the feeblest little attempt to make human beings understand how and why their fellows feel as they feel and are as they are, is not quite nothing.

II.—SOMEWHERE, SOME TIME, SOME PLACE!

When a child, not yet nine years old, I walked out one morning along the mountain tops on which my home stood. The sun had not yet risen, and the mountain grass was heavy with dew; as I looked back I could see the marks my feet had made on the long, grassy slope behind me. I walked till I came to a place where a little stream ran, which further on passed over the precipices into the deep valley below. Here it passed between soft, earthy banks; at one place a large slice of earth had fallen away from the bank on the other side, and it had made a little island a few feet wide with water flowing all round it. It was covered with wild mint and a weed with yellow flowers and long waving grasses. I sat down on the bank at the foot of a dwarfed olive tree, the only tree near. All the plants on the island were dark with the heavy night's dew, and the sun had not yet risen.

I had got up so early because I had been awake much in the night and could not sleep longer. My heart was heavy; my physical heart seemed to have a pain in it, as if small, sharp crystals were cutting into it. All the world seemed wrong to me. It was not only that sense of the small misunderstandings and tiny injustices of daily life, which perhaps all sensitive children feel at some time pressing down on them; but the whole Universe seemed to be weighing on me.

I had grown up in a land where wars were common. From my earliest years I had heard of bloodshed and battles and hair-breadth escapes; I had heard them told of by those who had seen and taken part in them. In my native country dark men were killed and their lands taken from them by white men armed with superior weapons; even near to me such things had happened. I knew also how white men fought white men; the stronger even hanging the weaker on gallows when they did not submit; and I had seen how white men used the dark as beasts of labor, often without any thought for their good or happiness. Three times I had seen an ox striving to pull a heavily loaded waggon up a hill, the blood and foam streaming from its mouth and nostrils as it struggled, and I had seen it fall dead, under the lash.

In the bush in the kloof below I had seen bush-bucks and little long-tailed monkeys that I loved so shot dead, not from any necessity but for the pleasure of killing, and the cock-o-veets and the honey-suckers and the wood-doves that made the bush so beautiful to me. And sometimes I had seen bands of convicts going past to work on the roads, and had heard the chains clanking which went round their waists and passed between their legs to the irons on their feet; I had seen the terrible look in their eyes of a wild creature, when every man's hand is against it, and no one loves it, and it only hates and fears. I had got up early in the morning to drop small bits of tobacco at the roadside, hoping they would find them and pick them up. I had wanted to say to them, "Someone loves you"; but the man with the gun was always there. Once I had seen a pack of dogs set on by men to attack a strange dog, which had come among them and had done no harm to anyone. I had watched it torn to pieces, though I had done all I could to save it. Why did everyone press on everyone and try to make them do what they wanted? Why did the strong always crush the weak? Why did we hate and kill and torture? Why was it all as it was? Why had the world ever been made? Why, oh why, had I ever been born?

The little sharp crystals seemed to cut deeper into my heart.

And then, as I sat looking at that little, damp, dark island, the sun began to rise. It shot its light across the long, grassy slopes of the mountains and struck the little mound of earth in the water. All the leaves and flowers and grasses on it turned bright gold, and the dew-drops hanging from them were like diamonds; and the water in the stream glinted as it ran. And, as I looked at that almost intolerable beauty, a curious feeling came over me. It was not what I *thought* put into exact words, but I seemed to *see* a world in which creatures no more hated and crushed, in which the strong helped the weak, and men understood each other, and forgave each other, and did not try to crush others, but to help. I did not think of it as something to be in a distant picture; it was there, about me, and I was in it, and a part of it. And there came to me, as I sat there, a joy such as never besides have I experienced, except perhaps once, a joy without limit.

And then, as I sat on there, the sun rose higher and higher, and shone hot on my back, and the morning light was everywhere. And slowly and slowly the vision vanished, and I began to think and question myself.

How could that glory ever really be? In a world where creature preys on creature, and man, the strongest of all, preys more than all, how could this be? And my mind went back to the dark thoughts I had in the night. In a world where the little ant-lion digs his hole in the sand and lies hidden at the bottom for the small ant to fall in and be eaten, and the leopard's eyes gleam yellow through bushes as it watches the little bush-buck coming down to the fountain to drink, and millions and millions of human beings use all they know, and their wonderful hands, to kill and press down others, what hope could there ever be? The world was as it was! And what was I? A tiny, miserable worm, a speck within a speck, an imperceptible atom, a less than a nothing! What did it matter what I did, how I lifted my hands, and how I cried out? The great world would roll on, and on, just as it had! What if nowhere, at no time, in no place, was there anything else?

The band about my heart seemed to grow tighter and tighter. A helpless, tiny, miserable worm! Could I prevent one man from torturing an animal that was in his power; stop one armed man from going out to kill?

In my own heart, was there not bitterness, the anger against those who injured me or others, till my heart was like a burning coal? If the world had been made so, so it was! But why, oh why, had I ever been born? Why did the Universe exist?

And then, as I sat on there, another thought came to me; and in some form or other it has remained with me ever since, all my life. It was like this:—You cannot by willing it alter the vast world outside of you; you cannot, perhaps, cut the lash from one whip; you cannot stop the march of even one armed man going out to kill; you cannot, perhaps, strike the handcuff from one chained hand; you cannot even remake your own soul so that there shall be no tendency to evil in it; the great world rolls on, and *you* cannot reshape it; but this one thing only you can do—in that one, small, minute, almost infinitesimal spot in the Universe, where your will rules, there, where alone you are as God, *strive* to make that you hunger for real! No man can prevent you there. In your own heart strive to kill out all hate, all desire to see evil come even to those who have injured you or another; what is weaker than yourself try to help; whatever is in pain or unjustly treated and cries out, say, "I am here! I, little, weak, feeble, but I will do what I can for you." This is all you can do; but do it; it is not nothing! And then this feeling came to me, a feeling it is not easy to put into words, but it was like this:—You also are a part of the great Universe; what you strive for something strives for; *and nothing in the Universe is quite alone*; you are moving on towards something.

And as I walked back that morning over the grass slopes, I was not sorry I was going back to the old life. I did not wish I was dead and that the Universe had never existed. I, also, had something to live for—and even if I failed to reach it utterly—somewhere, some time, some place, it was! I was not alone.

More than a generation has passed since that day, but it remains to me the most important and unforgettable of my life. In the darkest hour its light has never quite died out.

In the long years which have passed, the adult has seen much of which the young child knew nothing.

In my native land I have seen the horrors of a great war. Smoke has risen from burning homesteads; women and children by thousands have been thrown into great camps to perish there; men whom I have known have been tied in chairs and executed for fighting against strangers in the land of their own birth. In the world's great cities I have seen how everywhere the upper stone grinds hard on the nether, and men and women feed upon the toil of their fellow men without any increase of spiritual beauty or joy for themselves, only a heavy congestion; while those who are fed upon grow bitter and narrow from the loss of the life that is sucked from them. Within my own soul I have perceived elements militating against all I hungered for, of which the young child knew nothing; I have watched closely the great, terrible world of public life, of politics, diplomacy, and international relations, where, as under a terrible magnifying glass, the greed, the ambition, the cruelty and falsehood of the individual soul are seen, in so hideously enlarged and wholly unrestrained a form that it might be forgiven to one who cried out to the powers that lie behind life: "Is it not possible to put out a sponge and wipe up humanity from the earth? It is stain!" I have realized that the struggle against the primitive, self-seeking instincts in human nature, whether in the individual or in the larger social organism, is a life-and-death struggle, to be renewed by the individual till

death, by the race through the ages. I have tried to wear no blinkers. I have not held a veil before my eyes, that I might profess that cruelty, injustice, and mental and physical anguish were not. I have tried to look nakedly in the face those facts which make most against all hope—and yet, in the darkest hour, the consciousness which I carried back with me that morning has never wholly deserted me; even as a man who clings with one hand to a rock, though the waves pass over his head, yet knows what his hand touches.

But, in the course of the long years which have passed, something else has happened. That which was for the young child only a vision, a flash of almost blinding light, which it could hardly even to itself translate, has, in the course of a long life's experience, become a hope, which I think the cool reason can find grounds to justify, and which a growing knowledge of human nature and human life does endorse.

Somewhere, some time, some place—even on earth!

Music.

THE REVIVAL OF THE HARP.

WATTS depicted Hope as playing on a harp with one string, and the picture has a certain musical application, for the harp is an instrument which has always raised the hopes of musicians, and still, after endless disappointments, continues to raise them. It is the one instrument of the orchestra which appeals to the eye as well as to the ear. In the days of the Renaissance instruments of various kinds were often made by great painters and sculptors; some, indeed, bear inscriptions to the effect that they were intended to please both sight and hearing simultaneously. The harp is no longer decorated with carving and painting as in the days before the French Revolution, but it still catches the eye in a concert-room. It is the instrument of romanticism, and still perpetuates the architecture of romantic days. The double-action harp came in when Gothic had just become fashionable, and Gothic the design of the harp remains to this day. It was the right dress for its associations.

Associations have been the making and the ruin of the harp. It began to come into favor among musicians when Ossian had set them interested in Celtic bards, and no doubt it was this sudden general interest in harp-playing that set the Cousineaus and the Erards contriving improvements in its mechanism. The mechanism once perfected, the harp became, one might almost say, the mistress rather than the servant of the Romantic movement. The period of its glory is the first half of the nineteenth century. It is curious to note the composers who made frequent use of the harp, and those who neglected it. On the one side are Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, on the other Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. These latter three employed the harp, it is true, but only on rare occasions. It was clearly understood in the nineteenth century that it might be used in operas, but not in symphonies. It was used in symphonic poems, but in strict circles such compositions were reckoned as belonging to the musical *demi-monde*.

The present century has brought about a revival of interest in the harp. A number of works have been heard recently in which the harp is introduced into a chamber combination instead of the more obvious piano-forte. In the orchestra it is being handled with much more understanding of its possibilities than was customary fifty years ago. It is curious that in spite of this new movement there should be little or no modern solo music for the harp that is worth playing. A harp recital was given last week by Miss Nancy Morgan. Her programme probably represented the best contemporary harp music that was available, but Saint-Saëns was the only name that stood for anything else besides harp music, and Saint-Saëns's piece was by far the most

interesting of the evening. The rest were compositions by harpists, not composers.

It was not by any means the first time that I had gone to a harp concert and come away disappointed. The disappointment was less than usual on this occasion, because Miss Morgan is a player with a real feeling for music, and has temperament enough to force one to listen to her even when the music that she plays is dull and conventional. She is definitely a solo player, in the sense that all pianists aim at being solo players, whereas most harpists are no more than conscientious members of orchestras. That such is the case is the fault of composers rather than of harpists. The harp has become too much an instrument of associations. There are other instruments which have associations, and certain composers have traded upon them often enough; but, on the whole, most of them have settled down into being normal members of the normal orchestra. The harp more often stands out by itself in such a way that the listener is tempted or invited to shut his eyes and call up the picture of some definite character playing it—Tannhäuser, Lothario, Orpheus, or an angel. When a composer for any peculiar reason writes a piece for harp solo his invariable instinct is to write the sort of music that he would extemporize if he were demonstrating on the pianoforte what were the characteristic effects of the harp. There must be fat chords, arpeggios, glissandos and harmonics. Since the harp is the instrument of bards, the form must be "rhapsodical," which means that the general result is a string of clichés and cadenzas.

Harpists who wish to give concerts might well cast their eyes over the classical literature of the harp. It is true that the greater part of the music composed for the harp in the early nineteenth century is rubbish. It is a different kind of rubbish from the modern stuff. The modern composer seeks to emphasize the peculiar tone-qualities of the harp; the old composers practically ignored them. They knew that the tone-qualities of the harp were so conspicuous that emphasis was unnecessary; if they wrote rubbish, it was the same kind of rubbish—fantasias on popular operas—that Henri Herz and the rest were writing for the pianoforte. But there were some who took the harp seriously. One of these was Bochsá, who eventually eloped with the wife of Sir Henry Bishop, and thereby ruined the reputation of the harp in London. Bochsá's "Méthode," published in 1815, treats only of the single-action harp in E flat, so that one might reasonably expect his outlook to be somewhat limited. But he prefaces it with a long discourse in which he stands up for the harp as being as good an instrument as the pianoforte. Indeed at the moment when the double-action harp was invented, the two were on fairly equal terms. Bochsá clearly expects the same artistic standards from the harpist as are customary among pianists. He insists that the harpist should practise the pianoforte, if only to enlarge his mind, and should play as much pianoforte music on the harp as is manageable. The selection of pieces which he gives for study includes, in addition to many of his own composition, movements from Beethoven's sonatas and fugues of Handel and Bach. Finally, there is a chapter on playing from orchestral score. Miss Morgan was probably quite right not to play fugues from the "Forty-eight" at her recital. The purists would have been even more shocked than at the transcription of organ fugues for the pianoforte.

Bochsá was succeeded by his pupil, Parish-Alvars, who died in 1849. It is almost legitimate to call him the Liszt of the harp, especially when we recollect that Liszt, who was born a few years before him, produced most of his important works after Parish-Alvars was dead. A good deal of Parish-Alvars's work consists of operatic transcriptions, some of which are no worse than Liszt's. There is also an interesting set of pieces written during a tour in the East which may be compared with the "Années de Pèlerinage." The most notable works are his two concertos for harp and orchestra. It is strange that our harpists do not revive these. Their style is that of Weber and Mendelssohn. Since it is reported that the most modern composers in Paris are intending

to make Mendelssohn fashionable again, while Busoni is turning our attention to Weber, perhaps there may yet be a future for the forgotten works of our great English harpist.

The difficulty of appreciating such music lies in the fact that the harp nowadays has an unfamiliar sound. The pianoforte has become so normal an instrument in every home that most people listen to it in a spirit of complete indifference as to its quality of tone. If this were not the case, we might hear fewer bad pianists and fewer bad pianofortes. The harp is so strange a sound to the ears, even of musicians, that no player would ever dare to give a whole evening of harp music. The admission is a self-condemnation, for it suggests that we go to listen merely to the sound of the instrument, which very soon palls, and not to the music itself. The sound of the instrument palls because the music which it plays is not interesting enough to hold our attention. What interested me at Miss Morgan's recital was not the music, which, if played on the pianoforte, could never have been tolerated for a moment, but certain technical effects, to which it was instructive to listen. If she would have the courage to give a whole programme of harp music, and see that it maintained the same æsthetic standard as an average pianoforte recital, even if it involved playing transcriptions of pianoforte music, she might be able to prove to us that the harp was not so tedious an instrument as is generally believed. It rests with her to make her audience interested in the music rather than in the mechanism.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Reviews.

MILTON OR SHAKESPEARE?

Milton's Prosody, with a Chapter on Accentual Verse.
Notes by ROBERT BRIDGES. Revised Final Edition. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

Few literary inquiries are more fascinating to writers themselves than the discussion of the technical practice of the great ones before them; few seem more otiose and pedantic to the reader at large. The reader feels, and rightly feels, that the secrets of the workshop are for the workmen themselves, and that he has no more call to be interested in them than in the complicated network of ropes and laths which are the skeleton of a scene in the theatre. His concern is with the finished product: to approve or disapprove. And not only is there this negative lack of interest in the technical practice of poetry; but it is stiffened and given the substance of a positive hostility by a vague feeling that the more a poet's work lends itself to technical analysis, the more stilted and artificial it must be.

Once more there is something sound and healthy in the instinct; a residue of reason lies behind the unreasoned feeling. Technique is, after all, only an instrument, and the poet is to be judged only by the sounds he draws from it. As our fascination with the manner in which he manipulates it increases, our power of attention to the prime content of his work is weakened; we find ourselves admiring a craftsman, not an artist. And though this may be due to our own infirmity, an incapacity in ourselves to follow the two entwined threads that compose a poet's achievement, the chances are that the poet himself has become entranced by his own technique. He has forgotten that his main object is to cross the river; he is engrossed with the attempt to walk over it on the ferry rope.

Milton is altogether too great a poet to come under this summary censure; yet, if we are to be honest, we cannot permit him wholly to escape it. We cannot help being struck by the progressive desiccation of his poetic genius, even if we take no interest in his technique. From the "Nativity," the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," "Lycidas" and "Comus" to "Paradise Lost" is a long journey, in which much spontaneity and freshness has been wasted; from "Paradise Lost" to "Samson Agonistes" is another journey, not so long, but yet marked by a perceptible

sacrifice of true poetic vitality. "Samson Agonistes" is a superb museum piece; it is not that living art from which we derive an enrichment and refinement of experience. Enrichment and refinement is to be had from it, but of a peculiar and esoteric kind. It is, as Dr. Bridges most clearly shows, a triumph of technique; but though it excites the craftsman in us, it leaves the rest of our inhabitant selves unmoved.

"Samson" is the extreme point of Milton's artistic progress. There his poetic vitality is at its lowest, and his craft at its highest and most elaborate. If you have been reading Milton steadily, you will hardly have observed the increasing desiccation, because your interest in the astonishing technical dexterity will have gradually supplanted your interest in the poetic content; but there is a curious lapse in the last chorus of "Samson" which recalls one with a shock to a sense of the elasticity of the finest English poetry:—

"But he, though blind of sight,
Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue given for lost,
Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost
That no second knows nor third,
And lay awhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teemed,
Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most
When most inactive deemed;
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird, ages of lives."

The three lines I have marked with italics are a manifest disturbance of the stately rhythm of the semichorus; the movement of their falling rhythms recalls to the mind a poetic delicacy quite alien to the massive and artificial style of "Samson." The lines happen to be about a Phoenix. Turn to Shakespeare's marvellous "Phoenix and the Turtle":—

"Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey."

The same falling rhythm; the same Phoenix. The conclusion is, to my mind, irresistible that Milton had fallen under the spell of a reminiscence of Shakespeare; the irruption of Shakespeare not only ruins the rhythm of Milton's last chorus, but also illuminates, like a sudden flash of lightning, the distance that separates the artificial poetry of Milton's final phase from the quintessential poetry of Shakespeare.

The question of the influence of Shakespeare on Milton is a large one, and to treat of it would demand much more knowledge than I at present possess. But this, I think, can be said. Milton's great problem as a poet was to resist the influence of Shakespeare, and by his endeavor to resist the influence of Shakespeare he forced himself to his magnificent, but on the whole unfortunate, attempt to impose upon English poetry a prosody and a diction that were really unnatural. To put it briefly, in fighting against Shakespeare he fought against the genius of the English language. He may have won his battle; but he lost his life as a poet.

I do not wish to force the evidence; but Milton's own poem on Shakespeare contains a confession which to me seems much more than rhetorical:—

"For whilst to the shame of slow-endavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving. . . ."

There, surely, Milton acknowledges that the task of poetic originality for the poet who followed Shakespeare was too heavy. He prophesied truly of himself: he, indeed, became "marble with too much conceiving," and what is more, by the force of his genius, he turned English blank verse, the incomparable instrument of Shakespeare, into marble also.

Dr. Bridges greatly admires the blank verse of Milton:

the man, and, above all, the poet, who does not admire it is to be pitied. But when Dr. Bridges represents Milton's blank verse as a refinement and improvement of Shakespeare's, it seems to me that he is profoundly mistaken. It is a refinement, but in the sense that a plank is a refinement on a tree, or a pianola an improvement upon a piano; a mechanical perfection has been purchased at the cost of the natural flexibility. Milton introduced into English blank verse a systematic syllabic prosody—precisely how systematic Dr. Bridges for the first time reveals—and in order to carry this classical framework he had to invent the grand style. That a single man should have done both these things is a subject for admiration and astonishment; but we must not forget that he also petrified the poetry which he reformed.

For English blank verse has never recovered from Milton's drastic surgery; he abruptly snapped the true tradition, so that no one, not even Keats, much less Shelley or Swinburne or Browning, has ever been able to pick up the threads again. I myself believe that Keats, with his miraculous sensitiveness to authentic English rhythms, would have succeeded in a task which he had made peculiarly his own, for he had confidently plunged into the Miltonic *cul-de-sac* in "Hyperion" and had returned discomfited. We have the precise and precious evidence of his letters:—

"I have given up 'Hyperion'—there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or rather, artist's humor. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from 'Hyperion' and put a mark + to the false beauty proceeding from art, and one || to the true voice of feeling. . . ."
(To J. H. Reynolds, Sept. 22nd, 1819.)

"I shall never become attached to a foreign idiom, so as to put it into my writings. The 'Paradise Lost,' though so fine in itself, is a corruption of our language. It should be kept as it is, unique, a curiosity, a beautiful and grand curiosity, the most remarkable production of the world; a northern dialect accommodating itself to Greek and Latin inversions and intonations. The purest English, I think—or what ought to be the purest—is Chatterton's. The language had existed long enough to be entirely incorrupted of Chaucer's Gallicisms, and still the old words are used. Chatterton's language is entirely northern. I prefer the native music of it to Milton's, cut by feet. I have but lately stood on my guard against Milton. Life to him would be death to me. Miltonic verse cannot be written, but is the verse of art. I wish to devote myself to another verse alone." (To George Keats, Sept. 1819.)

I believe that the critical instinct of Keats which finds such unequivocal expression in these letters was absolutely right. Miltonic verse is "a beautiful and grand curiosity" which has hypnotized many poets besides Keats. Properly studied it may have enabled them to achieve a statuesque Parnassian beauty; but if ever a poet should arise with a deep and urgent poetic content to express he will be faced with Keats's problem; he will be compelled to break away from the Miltonic blank-verse prosody, and will have to create a new instrument for himself. Probably he will have to go back to Shakespeare. "Back to Shakespeare's blank verse" sounds at the first hearing less a counsel of perfection than a counsel of imbecility. Which Shakespeare? There are so many. It is certainly no good to hypostatize any phase of Shakespeare's prosodical development, which was unceasing; but it is possible, I believe, to awaken within oneself a sense of Shakespeare's direction, and to follow with an intuitive understanding his gradual liberation of himself from syllabic prosody and his increasing use of a stressed blank verse; above all, his ever more faithful fidelity to true speech rhythms.

In everything that Shakespeare wrote after "Twelfth Night"—to take an approximate turning-point—the "native music" of true speech rhythms is developed to the increasing discomfiture of syllabic prosody. The rhythmical period is allowed to work out freely. Take, for instance, Hamlet's soliloquy:—

"To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;

To sleep: perchance to dream: aye, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life. . . ."

That is surely a perfect piece of versification, and of an infinite subtlety. The three rhythmical periods, the first ending in the fifth line, the second at "devoutly to be wished," the third at "must give us pause," are allowed to override all strict syllabic prosody. The fifth line will not scan; the thirteenth has only four feet. Yet both are perfect: the dramatic weight of "Must give us pause" brings the period to a full conclusion, and similarly "by opposing end them" clinches the first rhythmical phrase. The rhythm begins again. These are, if you choose, licences; they are really characteristic Shakespearian triumphs. Read any part of "Paradise Lost" afterwards, and you will discover how much subtlety in the instrument has been lost; in other words, how much capacity to express the finer shades of emotion has been sacrificed. In Shakespeare the speech rhythm dominates the prosody; in Milton the prosody kills the speech rhythm. One has but to compare a fine passage of the later Shakespeare with a fine passage of "Paradise Lost" to have an inkling of what Keats meant by his at first sight cryptic phrase: "English ought to be kept up." Miltonic prosody necessarily means frozen English.

Dr. Bridges's study is invaluable: its importance reaches far beyond the aid it gives to a right understanding of Milton's verse; it should stimulate thought, and awaken consciousness in every modern English writer of poetry. This is a time when a real technical awareness may do more than anything else to carry English poetry out of the doldrums in which it is becalmed. It will help poets to face their problems, and to discover which way offers hope of most profitable advance. Even if they disagree, as deeply as I do, with Dr. Bridges's estimate of the value of Milton's prosody, they will be compelled to find reasons for the faith that is in them. Only by challenging Dr. Bridges's tacit assumption that Milton has established the norm of English blank verse will they be able to resist his contention that it is illegitimate to mingle syllabic and accentual verse. For everything depends upon what you understand by syllabic verse. If it is verse with the strict syllabic prosody of Milton, then indeed the mixture will be repellent to any sensitive ear; but if it is a verse built on a flexible syllabic prosody, freely admitting resolved feet and lengthened words, as Shakespeare's did, the antinomy does not really exist. Milton's prosody simply forbids such beautiful lines as:—

"Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold,"

or

"We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves."

From the Miltonic point of view, which is Dr. Bridges's, the syllabic foot is suddenly supplanted by a stress foot. Yet our ear is enchanted by the variation. A prosodical scheme which makes the subtlest beauties of English blank verse illegitimate is more interesting than helpful. It is, to repeat the words of Keats, "unique, a curiosity, a beautiful and grand curiosity," but it is "a corruption of our language." One cannot legislate for a language on the basis of one of its own corruptions, however magnificent.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN.

A String of Sapphires: Being Mysteries of the Life and Death of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Put into English Verse for the Young and Simple by HELEN PARRY EDEN, Tertiary of the Servants of Mary. (Burns, Oates, & Washbourne. 10s. net.)

It is in a very familiar landscape, amid very homelike scenes, that one finds oneself as one turns Mrs. Eden's pages. I, for one, must admit that I have heard it all before; I have read it in Dr. Neale; I heard it long ago from Mr. Coles in St. Barnabas', at Oxford, and long before that from poor old Mr. Rumball at Littlehampton. Yet I have read it all in this book once again, with a fresh interest and excitement.

Both the matter and the manner of the book, indeed, are extraordinarily interesting. The matter of the book is the Incarnation; its manner is ballad-rhyme. Dr. Neale speaks somewhere of "that most glorious invention of rhyme." I hasten to confess my ignorance; the ignorance of most of us, even on our own special subjects, is considerable. When was rhyme invented, and by whom, and for what purpose? Dr. Neale no doubt knew; I confess that I do not—the exact date, that is. One knows at least that though no doubt the morning stars sang together in rhyme at the Creation, the sons of men did nothing of the kind till some centuries down in our era. Rhyme is as much an invention of Christianity as church-bells. A reviewer of this book says, I notice, that "it may be questioned whether rhyme is the best medium for the telling of the Gospel story." Whoever was the holy whimsical bishop, the saintly dilettante priest, the grave, monkish poet who invented it, I think one dare wager that the invention was for this purpose, and for no other.

Many of the best, certainly the most popular, hymns are in reality ballads. "While shepherds watched their flocks by night" is a perfect example of a ballad. I think the recognition of the religious significance of Christmas, alone among the festivals, still common in England comes from the popularity of this ballad of the Nativity. There is nothing like the same feeling about Easter; about the Ascension or Pentecost, or, of course, about the Feasts of Our Lady, there is no feeling whatever. Again, the Easter hymn "O filii et filiae" is a true ballad. I remember, by the way, some one quoting the verse:—

"No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried,"

which had been sung at the Temple Church, and saying that it was sad that an educated congregation should be asked to sing words so crude. This is an excellent example of the working of the so-called "practical," that is, the prosaic, mind. It accepts something as a fact, indeed makes a special effort to commemorate and rejoice in it, yet it prefers all sorts of talking round it, and wrapping it up, to the clear and straightforward and joyful statement of it. If the ballad is crude it is with the crudity of Caraccio.

There is the same blessed crudity in Mrs. Eden's work. Her book is a "While shepherds watched their flocks by night" carried through the whole New Testament narrative. There is the same extraordinary closeness and fidelity to the Gospel text:—

"The Resurrection and the Life,
Answered Our Lord, 'am I;
He who believes in Me shall live,
Even although he die;
And all who live and trust in Me
Shall live for all eternity:
Holdst thou this steadfastly?'"

There is no attempt at ornament. The story is told by someone who delights in it and whose mind is filled with it. Her effects are not consciously sought after; they are just there, like effects of sea and sky. She is not thinking about her "art"; her only care is to give the thing itself in its simplicity and essence. She is evidently lost in her subject when she says:—

"But Our Lady sang *Magnificat*,
For, by God's grace, she knew
Not only the deeds that He had done
To win a way for His Blessed Son,
But the deeds He meant to do.
And all the past was before her,
And all before was past;
Her name was blest by king and clown,
And the mercy of God was on field and town,
And the poor raised up and the proud put down,
And the True Faith first and last."

Personally, I find poetry bearing the marks of conscious effort very depressing. A poem should not be something which the maker spins out of himself, but something external which he renders in his verse as faithfully as possible. When Tennyson, for instance, wrote

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime,"

he did not make it at all. The lime-tree made it; he just saw it. So one may say that Mrs. Eden did not write her book; St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John painted

their picture, and Mrs. Eden saw it. The requisite of a ballad-maker is sincere, unselfish vision.

The ballad form is admirably adapted for the presentation of the concrete, the continuous, the traditional. In reading these verses the sense is strong upon one that one is reading about something which happened at a given time, which had a definite origin, which was spread abroad by certain particular persons, and which has been handed on to the present day. For instance:—

"But Our Lady kept all these sayings
In her heart as a sealed book,
Till years and years from her hidden youth,
That you and I might know the truth,
She told them to St. Luke."

This is the popular, traditional Christian account of St. Luke's Gospel, whatever the critics may say. The critics talk about such things as "tendencies" and the adaptation of philosophical systems and superstitious cults; it seems more probable that the motives which impelled people to spread the story abroad were such things as awe, worship, love. They went about saying that "he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true," and, again, "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled . . . declare we unto you." So once more

"So Simon of Cyrene
Bore Our Lord's Cross, the Ark
That saves the world, the wondrous wood
In which the blest embark;
And Simon saw the Truth was true,
And loved the Loveliness he knew,
And in good time his children too,
We read of in St. Mark."

The reference is to "Simon the Cyrenian . . . the father of Alexander and Rufus," in St. Mark xv. 21.

The verses give not only the text and fact of the Gospel, but also the gloss, the traditional exposition of the sense hidden under the letter, as it has been handed down. Thus, with regard to the Miraculous Draught of Fishes we are told:—

"The world is the Lake of Genesareth,
Windy and rough and wide;
Men in their sins are the fishes
Under the shifting tide;
St. Peter's ship is the Catholic Church
That has Our Lord inside."

"The saints of God are the fishermen
With nets of holy lore,
Out of the depths they lift their prey,
And only the wicked break away;
For the Faith is the deck and the light of the day
And the sight of the shore."

These interpretations come down through St. Thomas of Aquino, the Venerable Bede, St. Jerome. In her "Prologue" Mrs. Eden says about the Church:—

"And every lovely word is Hers,
From Ave to Amen;
She teaches when a baby looks
At Our Lord's face in picture-books
And knows His Name; and when
At High Mass the Sub-deacon's brow
Bears up the Great Book's load;
And boys with lighted candles go,
And all the people rise a-row,
And the Deacon stands in the candle-glow
Chanting the Word of God."

There is one single detail in this book which will cause discomfort to the lover of the exact tradition. In the poem on the Ascension we read:—

"They climbed to Bethany, and past
The little town. How still and vast
The hill! The sun was sinking fast."

Now the quite universal statement is that the Ascension took place at mid-day, or, at any rate, that the procession set out from Jerusalem to Bethany a little after mid-day. I have looked up the account in at least a score of books, Old English, Latin, Venetian. It is invariable: "a little after the noone," "un poco dopo mezzo giorno." One wishes, too, that in her account of the Last Supper Mrs. Eden had preserved the extremely sacred phrase, "in sanctas ac venerabiles Manus."

But it seems ungracious to make even these suggestions to one who has given so much. Mrs. Eden's book will be

prized by all those who can still make the prayer of the old Border rhyme their own:—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Haud the horse till I get on;
Haud him fast and haud him sure
Till I win ower the misty muir."

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

HOW MEAT MADE MAN.

The Origin of Man and of his Superstitions. By CARVETH READ. (Cambridge University Press. 18s. net.)

MR. CARVETH READ, a philosopher and psychologist of distinction, here deals with two problems of origin that are alike concerned with primitive man, but otherwise have little in common, to judge, at any rate, by his treatment of them. The first question is how man came to be man at all—how he branched off from the apes, acquiring physical and mental traits of a new and distinctive kind. The second is how he has come to be "superstitious," a word used to cover all his earlier, and presumably by implication all his later, beliefs in regard to the supernatural. Thus the book falls into two parts that do not greatly help each other out.

The earlier section is of great interest if only because it presents us with a hypothesis of bold and definite outline. Our ancestor, it is suggested, struck out a new path for himself once and for all by making a fundamental change in his diet. The other anthropoids eat fruit. This one took to eating meat, and the rest of human history is the tale of the evolution of the hunting-pack. When Hobbes said *homo homini lupus* in order to suggest the anarchy of the state of nature, he forgot that wolves are social animals obeying a pack-law, such as is described in "The Jungle Book." So *Lycanthropus*, as our author dubs him, using an old term in a new sense, was potentially the citizen from the moment that he discovered that common action was needed to pull down a deer, even if individualism might still declare itself during the tearing up of the carcase.

If we examine the theory critically, we are at once struck by the fact that, having to account for the association of two characters, meat-eating and sociality, it decides offhand that one is cause and the other effect; whereas the opposite assumption would meet the case equally well. Man may have become a successful hunter because he had already developed a sense of comradeship. Of two species that live on much the same diet, the raven and the rook, or the goat-sucker and the swift, or the rail and the plover, the one, as Pycraft shows, may be unsocial, the other social in its mode of life; the social member of the pair, let us note, always tending to be more numerous. If baboons can be social while remaining true to vegetarian principles, why should not a species of anthropoid apes have adopted gregarious habits and have flourished numerically in consequence? Thereupon, owing to pressure of numbers, and thanks to their new-found powers of co-operation, they might gradually have come to venture out from the forest into the more open country where animal food in plenty was to be got; it being in the meantime not improbable that a taste for meat is latent in all the apes. Indeed, the other view—namely, that the change of diet preceded the social development—involves the difficulty that independent meat-eaters would never be likely to find their several ways into an area of good hunting where subsequent juxtaposition would, in the long run, engender social intercourse. For the rest, the palæontological record sheds no light at all on the subject, and it remains a matter of pure speculation.

Turning to the other section of the book, we find ourselves in a well-trodden region of thought where it is relatively hard to make startling discoveries. By this time of day the world is agreed that the primitive notions underlying magic, animism, and the like are for the most part unsound. Now to treat them as forms of error is legitimate and useful if the motive is logical. That is to say, we need, in the interest of clear thinking, to be warned against the endless fallacies to which the human mind is prone; and in this respect the savage will serve his turn as an example of what to avoid. Yet it were surely more profitable to look

nearer home for our type of the loose reasoner. Thus, why not demonstrate on a pupil or on a brother professor? If, on the other hand, the standpoint be anthropological, or, in other words, historical, our remoter forerunners in the path of knowledge ought to be treated somewhat more leniently. We may then render the adage *humanum est errare*, with old John Grote, as "it is man's prerogative to make mistakes."

Historically, truth is the child of error. So far as truth can be said to be made, it is made by the wandering pioneer, the brave explorer who takes risks. When our author stigmatizes magic and animism as "imagination-beliefs," is he not merely being wise after the event? Was it not the only chance open to mankind at the time, that what was boldly imagined should be as boldly sought; that the old safe groove of animal existence should be abandoned for the excitements and perils of spiritual adventure among occult forces, spirits, devils, and what not? These, after all, were but symbols of an unknown power, dangerous if tackled unskillfully and without due circumspection, yet pregnant with an infinite good for man, such as by trusting to his genius he should eventually come to enjoy. Looked at in this way, the magic of our ancestors was surely more than "superstition." For anthropology, psychology, and the historical sciences in general, it might just as truly, nay, more truly, count as inspiration.

Thus primitive man formed the "imagination-belief" that he could control nature and make the animals and plants multiply for his benefit long before he discovered an effectual means of domesticating them. But it is safe to say that he would never have succeeded if he had not tried first; and it could be shown that his efforts in the way of "productive magic," futile as they mostly were, included some lucky experiments that in the end bore fruit. The same story holds in regard to the historical relations of magic and medicine. Some of the imagination-beliefs of the primitive doctor—for example, his doctrine of inoculation—have become highly respectable. In short, empirical science had much better avoid the word superstition altogether; for the origin of what is here termed superstition and that of empirical science is one and the same. R. R. M.

A MINOR DRAMATIST.

The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling. Edited by L. E. KASTNER, M.A., and H. B. CHARLTON, M.A.—Vol. I., *The Dramatic Works*. (Manchester University Press. 28s. net.)

It was Mr. Kastner, the Professor of French Language and Literature at Manchester University, who, it will be remembered, edited the admirable two volumes (issued by the same press) of William Drummond's works in 1913, and we are pleased to see that the publishers have at last abandoned the habit of disfiguring the title-page with a large stamp, as they ruined that of Drummond. Such mutilation was not creditable to a University Press. The second volume of Stirling's, containing his "compositions in verse" (a delicate way of putting it), is to appear in a year's time, and as this volume contains nearly five hundred pages the editors have used a wise self-restraint. Stirling requires a great deal of concentration, for reasons which will appear.

The first two hundred pages of the volume contain an admirably lucid and very learned enquiry into the history, conditions, influence, and characteristics of Senecan tragedy at its source and in Renaissance Italy, France, and England. Seneca's ten tragedies are, of course, an imitative perversion of Greek tragic drama, without a single trace of the moral, intellectual, emotional, and, indeed, dramatic elements which make the formal machinery of Greek drama the vehicle of a burning central conception. Seneca modelled himself upon Euripides more than Aeschylus and Sophocles, but the process in the uncongenial atmosphere of Nero's Rome was that of the explorer who kills an antelope in India and fastens the antlers over the umbrella stand. All that is left of Euripides is the Euripidean convention. The horrors, the sermons on *fragilitas humanorum rerum*, the rhetoric, declamations and set monologues, the lavish ornament and spectacular exploitation, the revenging ghost and the rest of the notorious Senecan vulgarities were the stuffing for the hide of Euripides. The Senecan dramatic

influence was almost as much a medieval as a Renaissance phenomenon, but it is easy to see that the difficulties of interpreting the Greek drama, combined with the megalomania of the Senecan hero, shaking his fist in full-mouthed bombast against Fate, the turgidity of the internal elements and regularity of the external structure, were irresistible to the sensuous pride in self-discovery which marked the dawn of modern life. Except for Trissino and his group, Italian tragedy was all Seneca with Cinthio as his John Baptist. A peculiarity of Senecan drama is the sensational diabolism of its villainies, and in this respect the Italian drama showed none of the disposition of the diffident Mr. Ready-to-Halt. In Decio da Orte's "Acripanda" (1591), Ursimano's son by his first wife, whom he murdered in his desire for Acripanda, his second, murders his father's and stepmother's children and serves them up as a Thyestean dish to their parents. The endless possibilities of variation and novelty in these effects play no small share in the reasons for the tenacity of Senecan influence, and the love of show and parade and glitter was thoroughly compatible with the inheritance of Imperial Rome. The French drama was little more than a borrowing from the Italian, and we are inclined to disagree with the editors in their estimate of the activity of Francis I. in encouraging the arts. With literature so dependent on the Court, a king of wisdom and taste might have stemmed the Italian invasion, and so have saved our own Elizabethan drama from much of the penny-dreadful licence it gathered through the free circulation of the Senecan tradition from Italy through France into England. The achievement of Francis I. was to allow the gracious and delicate native talent to be debased through the immigration of the cruder Italian art. In England, Seneca held the popular drama with one gory hand and the academic with the other. Four Senecan plays were performed in Latin at Cambridge between 1559 and 1561; Jasper Haywood translated the "Troas," "Hercules Furens" and "Thyestes"; Gascoigne's "Jocasta" was acted in 1506, and "Gismond of Salero" in 1591; Gager produced his Latin dramas; "Gorboduc" was the first original Senecan tragedy in the vernacular, and "Loocrine," "Titus Andronicus," Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" and the "Jew of Malta," are type-representatives of the popular stage. Curiously enough, Jonson seems to have been the hero who gave the *coup de grâce* to this pernicious mortmain, because by purging Sejanus and Catiline of the grosser Senecan elements, he succeeded in purging the whole tradition of any interest whatever. It was a kind of reversed homeopathy!

We have not left much space for Stirling's "Cræsus," "Darius," "The Alexandrian Tragedy," and "Julius Caesar," but then neither have the editors. We wish, indeed, they had chosen Greville, whose "Alaham" and "Mustapha" are as Senecan as "Cræsus" and "Darius," in that both authors are highly formal in their presentation, and have ejected the archaic horrors and the archaic pedantism both from the tradition. There is no comprehensive modern edition of Greville, whose intellect and poetic powers are as superior to Stirling's as Marlowe's are to Kyd's. The fact is that a little space is too much space for Stirling. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the literary value of these portentous dramas is zero. There is not the faintest trace of dramatic instinct in them from beginning to end; they are simply a bundle of set, languid, rhetorical monologues interspersed with the ponderous moralizings of the chorus—a kind of Elizabethan Hemans. The study of the extraordinary persistence of a wholly ugly and vicious dramatic heritage makes a rather grimly interesting page of literary history, but we think it is a mistake to publish the complete works of a literary nonentity for the sake of scholarly associations alone.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ANGLO-INDIAN.

The Ritchies in India: Extracts from the Correspondence of William Ritchie, 1817-1882, and personal reminiscences of Gerald Ritchie, 1853-1890. Compiled and edited by GERALD RITCHIE. (Murray. 21s. net.)

It used to be said among Anglo-Indians that if there were but a single loaf of bread to be divided in India, it would

be distributed equally among the Plowdens, the Trevors, the Beadons, and the Rivett-Carnacs. But these were by no means the only families who illustrate Kipling's saying that their members find their way to India, generation after generation, as dolphins follow in line across the open sea. The sons would go with Directors' nominations as writers or as cadets upon the military establishments, and the daughters would accompany their brothers and in due course marry a civilian or a Company's officer. A glance at the genealogical table, which is attached to Mr. Ritchie's book will show at once how his family is connected with the Thackerays, the Rennells, the Shakespears, the Irvines, and the Metcalfes—all names of renown in the history of the British in India.

Of the Ritchies themselves two only went out to the East. William Ritchie was the grandson of the elder William Makepeace Thackeray, the "elephant-hunter of Sylhet," who sent all his six sons to India. Another grandson was the creator of Colonel Newcome and Jos. Sedley; and a third, as we know from a well-remembered passage, was Richmond Shakespear, the *preux chevalier* of his time. Anxious not to be a burden upon his father, who had suffered serious losses in his business as an American merchant, Ritchie sailed in his turn for Calcutta in 1841 to seek his fortune at the Bar. His uncle Charles Thackeray had made a similar venture eighteen years before, but had unhappily (as the nephew puts it) prostituted the best prospects and the highest talent to the debasing vice of drink. He had lost all his practice and was now writing leading articles for the "Englishman" newspaper. His editor, Stocqueler, has recorded that his practice was to put him alone in a room with a sheet of foolscap, pens and ink, and a bottle of claret, the condition being imposed, and scrupulously fulfilled, that an article should be written and the bottle emptied before he left the room.

Ritchie complains of the monotony of Calcutta life as he found it; but he was not without friends or ability. Sir Lawrence Peel, who was then Chief Justice, showed him much kindness, and also Sir John Peter Grant, the famous puisne judge, of whom it was said that it was necessary to appoint two colleagues to sit with him, in order to "keep him in check like a wild elephant between two tame ones." The young barrister's practice grew. In 1855 he became Advocate-General of Bengal, and in 1861 was appointed Legal Member of Council. The latter office, however, he held for a very brief period, for he died in Calcutta on the 22nd March, 1862, in his forty-sixth year. Of his sons, Sir Richmond Ritchie entered the home Civil Service and became Under-Secretary at the India Office; and Gerald elected to go to Bengal as an Indian civilian, retiring in 1901 after twenty-six years of active work.

It is with the reminiscences of William Ritchie and his son Gerald that these pages are occupied. The Calcutta which confronted the father was very different from the Calcutta of our day. There are now quite two hundred and fifty barristers in practice, of whom a large majority are Indians. The Bar then numbered sixteen, of whom all were Englishmen and restricted to the Supreme Court, which exercised jurisdiction over the inhabitants of Calcutta and all Europeans in Bengal. In those days mails were carried each way once a month, and the voyage took over six weeks. A sea-trip to the Sandheads or to Ceylon filled the place of the holiday in the hills. Gaunt and ungainly adjutant birds perched upon every building and acted as scavengers; and palankeens furnished the ordinary means of locomotion. The Europeans lived in roomy residences with spacious verandahs, and were known still to smoke hookahs. To-day palankeens and adjutants will be looked for in vain. Electric tram-cars and taxicabs throng the streets. Blocks of garish flats are rapidly supplanting the palaces "built in a light Italian or Doric style" which earned her title for Calcutta.

The erratic and bombastic Ellenborough was Governor-General at the time of Ritchie's arrival: and an unflattering picture is painted of him. John Company's servants were undoubtedly, as Ritchie himself says, often inefficient and afflicted with limited views on public matters; but it was both tactless and offensive to exhibit open contempt for them, as Ellenborough did. When the civil community, returning good for evil, gave him a ball after the Gwalior campaign, they were treated to a harangue which was "the most

arrogant, despotic, and ungracious you can conceive," and were told that if the society of Calcutta did not find his presence at the capital or his sentiments agreeable, "the fault is yours, not mine." His sole aim was to achieve popularity with the military. "By the Army this great country was won," he would assure them, "and by the Army it must be maintained." Yet he could not steer clear of blunders even where his favorites were concerned. The Bar was kept busy drawing memorials for officers who were, according to Ritchie, victims of decisions which were wholly arbitrary and contrary to common-sense and fairness. After three years of gasconading and quarrelsome correspondence, he was recalled by the Court of Directors, in spite of the intervention of powerful friends in the Ministry and of the strong personal support of Queen Victoria.

Very little is recorded by Ritchie of Sir Henry Hardinge, the successor of Ellenborough, beyond a word of comment upon his mismanagement of the Sikh War: and (stranger still) Dalhousie passes without notice, except for an allusion to the death of his wife. With Canning he came in closer contact, for he was then Advocate-General. He eulogizes him as the kindest-hearted and sincerest of men, and repudiates as utterly untrue the common character of coldness and indifference ascribed to him by "the discontented Anglo-Saxons of India," who were clamoring for his head because he would not yield to the passions of the hour.

Mr. Gerald Ritchie observes, in that part of the book for which he is directly responsible, that the idea of getting satisfactory work out of Indians without some sort of official guidance is rather chimerical. To him, and to those others who view with apprehension and dislike the momentous changes which are taking place, a touch may be recommended of the spirit in which the elder Ritchie approached the transfer of the government of India to the Crown. He regarded it with "distress and anxiety," for, like Job Charnock, he was ever a faithful servant of the Company. But he was also a man of the robust faith of Macaulay (whom, by the way, the Calcutta Bar failed to appreciate). He deemed it his duty, he told an Anglo-Indian audience in 1858, to do everything within his power to secure a fair trial for the new order of things.

H. E. A. C.

AN ECHO.

Captain Macedoine's Daughter. By WILLIAM MCFEE.
(Seeker. 9s. net.)

MEMORIES crowd upon us as we listen to Mr. Spenlove, the quiet and "occasionally garrulous" chief engineer, spinning, "in a musing tone," the story of his one romance, the tragic episode of the beautiful and enigmatic Artemesia. When Mr. Spenlove paused for a moment "there was no sound, save the purr of the dynamos . . . the soft swish and suck of the waves . . . the steady tramp of the quartermaster." There was no other sound, but there was something—something in the air—a memory, an echo—and did we not detect in the growing dusk (yes, we could yawn with safety then) the red glow of Marlow's cheroot when he paused to put new life into it? Marlow always gave us that chance. He gave us, too, some unforgettable days. It is unfortunate for what might have been a brilliant story that episodes from "Lord Jim" and "Chance" press upon us as the inexorable voice of Spenlove drones on. But since he betrays no concern as to the state of mind of his audience, being "well aware that the perfect listener does not exist," we need not disguise our inattention. Why did Mr. McFee, who knows the sea and seamen, appropriate the technical method of a master so openly that comparisons are inevitable? True, he handles that form of narrative with finish; it never goes astray as it did at times in "Chance." But the slow splendor of Conrad is not here. Spenlove, kindly and cynical, steeling his heart to reserve for himself the part of a super in a play, falls under the spell of the untamed and beautiful creature who casts, without wilfulness, a lure upon all men who are in the orbit of her brief flight, a flight cut short by a chance shot in an unmeaning revolution. Spenlove's vision is not Marlow's; it is not romantic; he is not chained

to any ideal; he is fascinated by the beauty and pathos of a spectacle, and the death of the woman leaves him with the reflection that love means nothing. It is an episode, and we should never make it anything more. There are many moments of distinction in the story, and the reader feels he owes Mr. McFee a grudge for spoiling his enjoyment by borrowing a mouthpiece.

Foreign Literature.

CROCE ON DANTE.

a Poesia di Dante. By BENEDETTO CROCE. (Bari, Laterza. 15.50 lire.)

THIS study of Dante's poetry will not improbably prove to be the most important piece of literary criticism which has yet come from Croce's pen. By this we do not mean that it is of necessity the best of his critical writings. It is certainly not better than the studies of Shakespeare or Ariosto, or than some of his essays on modern Italian writers. Though the power of putting together a good narrative is not among the gifts with which Nature has endowed him so richly, he has chosen to devote two chapters to systematic analyses of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio." They are distinctly below the average of the volume, becoming at times wordy and almost flabby, as in the comments on the Francesca and Paolo incident on page 77. But the moment Croce becomes strictly critical we are wafted on to another plane. What could be better than his remarks upon Gerione, for instance, or upon Ulysses, who in Dante's hands becomes a tragic hero, "greater perhaps than he ever was in the epic or tragedy of Greece," or than the admirable discussion of the elements that go to make up the Earthly Paradise? Fortunately, he has changed his method in dealing with the "Paradiso," giving us a critical essay in his very best manner.

This volume owes its importance to the fact that Croce's application of his æsthetic methods to Dante, and more especially to the "Divina Commedia," was bound to be fraught with consequences more sweeping in their effect than in the case of any other great poet of the modern world, since non-æsthetic elements have always played so prominent a part in the interest awakened by his poetry. Croce insists that Dante is not different from other poets. It is true that he was a theologian, a publicist, and a philologist of a high order, though Croce considers that in these spheres he does not display real originality. Naturally therefore these elements enter into his work in a greater degree than is the case with other poets. But the difference is one of degree, not of kind. Moreover, these extraneous elements concern the æsthetic critic only in so far as they become fused with Dante's poetry, where they do not appear as objects of thought, but of imagination. "In the history of poetry, as in the mere reading and enjoyment of poetry, all this is not only of no importance, but if it were allowed to intrude, it would prove a disturbing element." So with history. Dante's Cato or Manfred or Virgil have nothing to do with the historical figures, which supplied him with the raw material and nothing more. In fact, a true æsthetic interpretation must utterly reject this *interpretazione allotria*.

Equally extraneous is the allegorical interpretation. Croce has no doubt that, had he lived, Dante would have given us an elaborate allegory of the "Commedia" similar to that of the "Vita Nuova." But even Dante's allegorical interpretation would have been something altogether outside the poetry. Whichever among the countless allegorical labels we may choose to pin on to Matelda, it will have nothing to do with the vision of the lovely girl singing and gathering flowers by the river in the Earthly Paradise. Dante's criticism belonged to his age. He was obsessed with the idea that poetry must be an allegorical interpretation of religious and moral truths. But the art of poetical creation and the art of philosophical interpretation are distinct things, and æsthetic interpretation has made enormous strides since Dante's day. It may be true that when we read Dante with a theologian we are conscious of studying him in closer conformity with Dante's own wishes. But we

are not concerned with Dante's wishes, only with poetry. In any case Dante alone could have provided us with an adequate allegorical interpretation. To attempt to reconstruct one to-day is pure waste of time.

Naturally Croce has a little fun with his old enemies, the philological scholars of the last generation, though he readily acknowledges the value and the necessity of their labors when carried out in the right spirit. He is as incorrigible as Charles Lamb with the Comptroller of Stamps when he finds himself in the company of men who devote their time to discussing how Dante got across Acheron, or how it was that if Virgil and Cato were both for a while in the Limbo together they never met, and whether they therefore belonged to different clubs there—as if Dante were a mathematician and not a poet inspired by a living imagination. Yet, as Croce complained when discussing Shakespeare, three-quarters of the so-called criticism of recent years is concerned with Dante questions of this nature, the other quarter dealing largely with biographical, philological, and similar facts.

The revolutionary character of Croce's study is nowhere more pronounced than in his treatment of the framework of the "Commedia," the journey through the other world. To Croce this is not strictly poetry, since it was deliberately planned and not the product of an inevitable poetic emotion. Nor is it science, since science is always critical, and is not concerned with the products of the imagination. The imagination here works like a demiurge and produces something that is essentially poetical in character—a theological romance—which is embellished and enriched with the lyrical incidents of the poetry. Croce compares it to a great building overgrown with a vegetation of poetry of varying thickness. The compelling effect and the difficulties of this scheme had a powerful influence in tempering and disciplining Dante's imagination. The two elements are, indeed, inseparable, and cannot be considered apart. Yet anyone with an eye and an ear for poetry must realize "the complete contrast with Shakespeare's greatest plays, in which the scheme and structure originate in a poetic motive, and there is no structure and poetry, but everything may be regarded as homogeneous, everything is poetry."

One of Dante's most marked characteristics is his feeling for the world, the varied and complex feeling of a man who has seen and experienced all things, and has full knowledge of good and evil in man. He is no mystic, eager to free himself from this earth of ours, nor does he attempt to shake off his earthly passions on his journey through eternity. Francesca or Farinata or Ulysses among the damned touches deeper chords in him than most of the blessed. Hence one of his critics could ask whether Dante came back the better from his journey. Not that Dante is therefore illogical, for feeling is not logical, and is never completely reduced to harmony in poetry.

The critics of the Romantic movement preferred the "Inferno" to the other canticles, especially to the "Paradiso," saying, for instance, that Dante was naturally more successful in describing Hell, because he could draw his materials from the life around him. They were right in maintaining that passion alone gives birth to art, but they regarded passion merely as the material for poetry; and passion to them meant passion of the violent Byronic order, as Carlyle saw. They found such passions as calm strength of will or measured energy unpoetical, because what they sought in art was violent contrasts. For the romantic conception of art Croce would, of course, substitute the conception of art as lyric or lyrical intuition.

In the "Inferno," says Croce, the feelings are predominantly bitter, and violent and practical motives are more prevalent; in the "Purgatorio" the feelings become more tender and gentle, in the "Paradiso" joyous and ecstatic. Dante's poetry does not reach its greatest heights at once. It develops gradually, becoming richer and more varied in a *crescendo* through the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio," till it soars free and joyous, sure of itself, challenging all risks, in the rarer air of the "Paradiso." In the "Paradiso" the theology and other didactic elements become true poetry. Here the dominant motive is not inquiry and instruction, but the representation of the act of inquiry and instruction; the poetry has at last become more to

Dante than his material. The doctrines he upholds may be likened to a *libretto* which Dante sets to music. Hand-in-hand with this didactic poetry goes the oratorical poetry, which appears in the laments, invectives, and satirical passages. In Dante this poetry is not rhetoric, but real poetry, because it is a true part of himself, inspired by his own disdain and bitterness. For the unity of the poem is, of course, not to be sought in the subject or in any plan, but in Dante's own character. The unity of the three canticles cannot be discovered by an analysis of their concepts, but by examining the poetry that inspires each of them.

We have no space to do more than touch upon a few points in this remarkable book. We have said nothing of the estimate of the poetic value of different parts of the "Commedia," nothing of Croce's very discriminating criticism of the "Vita Nuova." He shows how completely Dante is there still dominated by the school of the *dolce stil nuovo* with its conception of the "Donna-Angela," and he holds that its connection with the "Commedia" is of the slightest. The Pre-Raphaelite movement undoubtedly tended to exaggerate its importance. Nor have we referred to the chapter on Dante criticism, in which he traces the modern æsthetic conception from Vico through the Romantics and De Sanctis, and with it the eclipse of the old pseudo-classical, scholastic criticism. It is a book that will awaken widespread discussion. Like other essays by Croce, it will come as a rude shock to uncritical devotees who can scarcely approach the sacred volume except with bended knee. To our mind, it marks a definite stage in Dante criticism well in advance of anything that has preceded it—a stage which future criticism will have to take as its starting-point for some time to come.

L. C.-M.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

DURING the last ten years or so a new impulse has been given to musical literature by French writers. Romain Rolland may be regarded as the founder of this French school of *musicologie*, though he soon turned his attention to other fields. The practical leader of the group was Jules Ecorcheville, who for several years edited the monthly magazine known as "S.I.M.," a French outgrowth of the International Musical Society, which came to an end in 1914. Ecorcheville, who was a man of profound learning, a brilliant journalist, and to those who knew him a singularly attractive personality, was killed in the war. French musicians have not at present thought it desirable to revive "S.I.M.," but its place has been taken by "La Revue Musicale" (Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, price for foreign countries 6 fr. monthly, annual subscriptions for foreign countries 60 fr. *Edition de luxe*, 120 fr.), of which the first number appeared in November, 1920. The editor is M. Henry Prunières, whose books on Lully, on the *Ballet de Cour*, and on Italian opera in Paris before Lully combine a vast amount of minute historical research with remarkable charm of literary style. The November number contains an article on Louis Couperin by M. André Pirro, with some hitherto unpublished pieces by Louis Couperin and Chambonnières. These are of particular interest to English readers, since their style suggests that they may well have had an influence on Purcell and Blow. M. Prunières also reprints an essay on "Stendhal et la Musique" by Maurice Barrès, originally published in 1885. The December number is devoted entirely to the memory of Debussy. The most attractive articles are those of M. Cortôt on his pianoforte music, and the personal recollections of MM. Emile Vuillermoz, René Peter, D. E. Inghelbrecht, and Robert Godet. The criticisms of M. Vuillermoz and M. Louis Laloy make one regret that the "Martyre de Saint Sébastien" is practically unknown to Debussy's English admirers. A musical supplement, "Le Tombeau de Claude Debussy," is a series of pieces composed by Paul Dukas, Maurice Ravel, Albert Roussel, Erik Satie, Florent Schmitt, Béla Bartók, Manuel de Falla, Eugene Goossens, Francesco Malipiero, and Igor Stravinsky; it forms a very noteworthy *conspectus* of contemporary music.

Books in Brief.

My Own Affairs. By Princess LOUISE OF BELGIUM. (Cassell, 21s. net.)

THE dominions of the kings are becoming more and more circumscribed, but there is still a considerable public who enjoy the chronicles of courts. They derive much satisfaction from learning that some princes and princesses can behave like cats. Such memoirs as these of Princess Louise are written for them, and it should be said they get their money's worth. With the pleasing reflection that she had never doubted that those who wronged her would be punished sooner or later on earth or elsewhere, the Princess sets out to destroy the slanders which have gathered round her, and, in the process of establishing her own reputation, she plays havoc with some others. The style obscures the point of the story to some extent. There are frequent exclamations, such as: "I appeal to that world where everything is illuminated for the soul liberated from earth, which will alone see clearly for me." Of her marriage to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, she writes: "What sort of love inspired him? Was he attracted by the elusive charm of my virginal youth, or did the definite knowledge of the King's position and the belief in the future of his enterprises fan the flame in the heart of a man who was absolutely engrossed with material things?" Marriage solved the question, and, as the Princess says, she is not the first woman "who has been the victim of false modesty and excessive reserve, attributable perhaps to the hope that the delicacy of a husband, combined with natural instincts, would arrange all for her, but who was told nothing by her mother of what happens when the lover's hour has struck." There are 251 pages of this sort of thing, besides an ample index and some illustrations.

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The Red Light on the Railways. By J. H. THOMAS, M.P. (Cassell, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE red light of Mr. Thomas is a danger signal indicating that if the railway managers persist in their refusal to agree to the appointment of one or two operative workers on the boards of directors under the new grouping scheme there is likely to be a crisis. Mr. Thomas can hardly expect his readers to take him seriously. If the railwaymen really feel as strongly about joint control as their secretary suggests, they will never strike for a directorship representation so small that it would give them no effective influence whatever on policy. Those who desire a closely reasoned argument for joint control will not find it here. Mr. Thomas presents an excellent case in broad outline, but he assumes a great deal that he does not attempt to prove, and in his discursive way he slurs over points of a practical kind about which many people are doubtful or sceptical. Having proved to his own satisfaction the case for full joint control of railway administration, he goes far to demolish it by his readiness to postpone it indefinitely, and to accept the substituted concession of one or two seats on a board.

* * *

In Farthest Burma. By Captain F. KINGDOM WARD. (Seeley & Service, 25s. net.)

CAPTAIN WARD is not a tourist in a hurry. He is a wanderer in strange places because he loves strange places, strange peoples, and strange flowers. He accomplished a remarkable journey in the frontier territory of Burma and Tibet, urged chiefly by a desire to discover new flowers there. He has written a capital account of his finds and adventures. He introduces us to unexplored territories and little-known tribes, but his leading idea is to show that this country is part of the one region of parallel rivers which stretches from the Brahmaputra in Assam to beyond the Yang-tze in China. Places in the mountainous range which divides China from Burma must be a paradise of flowers. Captain Ward made a discovery of much significance. At a high altitude of the Imaw Bum range he found the rocks covered with alpine flowers—rhododen-

drons, primula, Cassiope, cremanthodium, with other forms—which, if not identical with some found on the Tibetan frontier during an earlier expedition, were micro-forms of them. Here was an alpine flora within the limits of Upper Burma identical with another on a mountain range 200 miles to the north. The two ranges are separated by the deep valley of the Salween. The Western China alpine flora has long been recognized as closely related to the Himalayan, so that the flora found by Captain Ward in Upper Burma he decides must also be related. "It is impossible," he says, "for the flora of the Mekong-Salween divide to have jumped the Salween Valley and reached the Imaw Bum range that way. Either it must have passed across from one range to the other before the Salween Valley was formed, which is inadmissible, or we are driven to the conclusion that it came from the North, right round the head of the Assam Valley and across the extreme tip of Northern Burma. This is the only route by which the flora of Imaw Bum and of the Mekong-Salween divide can have been derived, as it plainly has been, from a common source."

The New Era Library. Edited by ERNEST YOUNG. (Philip & Son. 2s. 6d. limp cloth, 3s. 6d. cloth gilt.)

THE first five volumes of this series are of excellent promise. They are:—

- "The Gateways of Commerce." By J. Fairgreave and E. Young.
- "The New Era in Education." Edited by Ernest Young.
- "Wealth and Work." By George W. Gough.
- "England in Her Days of Peace." By Eleanor Dooley.
- "Countryside Rambles." By W. S. Farnaux.

If the remaining volumes maintain the level of these, educationists and the general reader who has searched in vain for competent introductions to large subjects will owe the publishers a debt of gratitude. The works not being encyclopædic, but merely describing main principles and defining terms, pointing the way to the classics in the larger fields of inquiry, it is essential that their authors should be not only masters of their subjects, but should possess the art of interesting presentation. The writers named above have the necessary equipment. Those who remember what economic geography was like in the school-books of twenty years ago will appreciate the attractive exposition of the geography of commerce and trade given in "The Gateways of Commerce." Quite apart from its place in this series, attention should be drawn to "The New Era in Education." Twenty-seven contributors describe experiments which are being made in the schools of to-day, such as developments in "self-activity," boarding schools for working-class children, and teaching through partnership. Teachers, and also ratepayers who are anxious to know what they are paying for, should be glad of this record of ideas and movements. "Countryside Rambles" is everything that nature studies for amateurs are not. It is not sentimental and romantic, but a scientific, precise, and simple description of our trees, flowers, and common wild creatures. Miss Dooley's picture of the origins and growth of our social institutions and inventions should prove a temptation to young readers to take to industrial history. "England in Her Days of Peace" and "Wealth and Work" could be read together. Mr. Gough's work is an introduction to economics. It is clear and succeeds in making the subject interesting. The essay on value is not wholly enlightening, however, and, in an elementary explanation of the matters with which economists have to deal, it is not wise to dismiss Marx with the phrase that he was "quite wrong," as if that settled the matter. Mr. Gough believes that his description of value as "congealed power" is better than Marx's "congealed labor," but the difference is not striking. It is misleading a young and inquiring mind to inform it that "the idle rich are one result of a system which has rescued society from wholesale poverty, and in the only country, Russia, from which they have been violently cut out wholesale poverty has returned." Russia was not a paradise for the poor before the war. When Mr. Gough is not speculating his explanations are valuable.

From the Publishers' Table.

MESSRS. HODGSON will sell, on the 31st, selected books from the Hursley Park Library, among which are many rare seventeenth-century tracts and works on America, and many more relating to the Civil War and the Commonwealth. The remaining books are scarce and interesting. We notice that a set of Southey, comprising thirty-three volumes in full red morocco, is catalogued. It is usual to leave Southey in the sixpenny tub at present, but we have a notion that the collectors will before many years have changed all that.

THE twentieth catalogue of Mr. H. E. Gorfin attempts one or two things more speculative than the appreciation of Southey. Such are the prices, we think, that follow: Mr. Masfield's "Dampier's Voyages," 1906, £4 4s.; Lord Dunsany's "Plays of Gods and Men," 1917, 18s.; Leigh Hunt's "Essays," edited by Mr. Symonds in the "Camelot Series," 1887, 12s. But it is a catalogue of considerable variety, and by no means entirely confined to the well-treated moderns.

THE announcements of the Oxford University Press are "comely and reviving" in the general depression of good literature. The inclusion of the late Professor Moorman's "Herrick" in the Oxford Poets and Standard Authors is perhaps the most welcome news; and another author to be so honored is Aytoun, whose poems have been edited by Mr. Frederick Page. Professor Broadus has written a work on the "Laureateship," which considers the poets "solely in the light of their office," and is, indeed, a historical treatise first and foremost. We believe that, though works on the Laureates are not wanting, this is pioneer work.

A CONTROVERSY between Colonel Repington and Captain P. E. Wright, who alleged against him that he had published in the "Morning Post" during February, 1918, the secret military plans of the Allies for that year, and who was challenged to name the officer responsible for giving Colonel Repington the information, is to have its sequel. Captain Wright, who was at the end of 1917 Assistant Secretary and Interpreter to the Supreme War Council, has written a book to be published shortly by Eveleigh Nash, in which he names and discusses the officer in question, and gives a new account of the Battle of St. Quentin in March, 1918.

MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH, the well-known authority on Lamb and his period, kindly points out that the novel based on Coleridge's army career, which we were unable to name in a recent note, was Charles Lloyd's "Edmund Oliver," published in 1798 and dedicated to Charles Lamb. The same correspondent notes that it was Mary Isabel Novello and not Mary Cowden Clarke who sent at least one of the three papers misnamed Elia's to the "Indicator."

To return to Coleridge, we mentioned Peacock's travesty. We have been very glad to have the following comment and most interesting new information from Mr. George Sampson:—

"It may be doubted whether Peacock's amusing caricatures can really be said to belong to fiction at all; but, as a matter of fact, Coleridge (or a part of him) has been used (under the name of Frank Saltram) by no less a person than Henry James, in a story called 'The Coxon Fund.' There is no doubt about it, as James told me in a letter that he wrote his story after reading Dykes Campbell's admirable biography of S.T.C."

TAUCHNITZ continues on its great and beneficial career. During the war, it was forced to confine its work to English classics which had passed beyond the reach even of the war; but since September, 1919, works by Mr. Bennett, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Shaw, "Vernon Lee," Mr. Galsworthy, and many more acknowledged adepts have been added to the library, which has issued its 4,527th volume.

ON the 31st, Messrs. Collins will publish the prize novel in their recent competition, namely, "The Journal of Henry

Bulver" by Cherry Veheyne. Simultaneously will be issued yet another volume of war revelations, of a somewhat novel kind—"Gun-Running for Casement," by the famous Lieut. von Spindler, who not only controlled the active service of the affair, but later on made a marvellous escape from Donnington Hall, which he describes in his book.

An excellent suggestion is made in the "Publishers' Circular" by Mr. Charles Young. The habit of publishing books that bear no date is apparently increasing, and it is certainly an inconvenient habit and anything but a time-saving device for bookmen. Mr. Young thinks that "the copyrighting of a book might be incomplete without the date."

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: THE ART OF LETTERS.

At the period of which we speak there was in circulation a little work called "The London Fashionable Letter Writer," which, though confined to fewer than two hundred pages, claimed to be "adapted to every occurrence in life." This claim may have been too generous, but certain modern occurrences, it must be allowed, such as electrocution, *vers libre*, season tickets, and hurricane bombardments, had not at the time become fashionable. That we are but weaklings by the side of our forefathers, let the following sentence prove, taken from the preface of this volume: "An epistolary correspondence is the greatest blessing we can possibly enjoy." Not only, then, did these brave Britons tolerate letter-writing; they even liked it! Nothing could deflect them from their set resolve to correspond.

The author of the "Fashionable Letter Writer," we imagine, was an immaculate young man whose days passed in a boudoir with samplers ("Presents Endear Absents," "O'er Lands Unseen tho' You May Go," and so on), collections of seals, golden quills, pictures of the Secretary Bird, paper-knives, visiting-cards from the Marquis of S. and Sir Harry C., and all the instruments of torture about him. In another boudoir not far away sate his two aunts, one near the flower-pot, the other near the harp, awaiting their nephew's next arrival with his copper-plate copy for their stern scrutiny. We may be sure that one of these ladies supplied the note on the Interjection, which may be found in "An Easy Introduction to Grammar" prefixed to the Letters themselves:—

"Interjections express the passions of the mind. The principal interjections are, Ah! Alas! Ha! Oh! Huzza! &c."

Having mastered grammar, we are to master, before taking our first hedge, certain principles. Are we a father? then in writing to our son it behoves us to "preserve our superiority by a gentle degree of authority"; a son? we are to express at all times "our sense of filial authority." Has our friend sent us a presentation copy of his poems, borrowed and left on the course our venerable field-glasses, or disagreed with our politics? There is no difficulty:—

"In friendship the heart will express its sentiments, with an honest and confident freedom. It will bestow its applause with pleasing sincerity, and censure with modest reluctance."

Unfortunately, however, the author appears to have been himself a master of pleasing duplicity. As an example of his natural talent, consider the following correspondence. First, John Jackson writes to his landlord requesting time for the payment of his rent. The eyes of Jackson may be gladdened by the following

Answer.

"SIR,—I am so entirely satisfied of your honor, that I willingly comply with your request; you will therefore make yourself perfectly easy on account of what is due to me.—I am, Sir, very truly yours,

GEORGE GOODWILL.

Mr. Jackson."

If the "Fashionable Letter Writer" contained no other answer but that, doubtless the worthy Goodwill would immediately and with a lenient smile send his silverless tenant this pleasant epistle. Alas! however, temptation basks in

the middle of the path. Ten to one the unlucky Jackson will receive

Another Answer.

"SIR,—It being an invariable rule with me to receive my rents when due, I cannot break through it in your case; you will therefore please to pay the amount before ten o'clock on ——— morning next, to prevent expensive and unpleasant consequences.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

GEORGE GOODWILL.

Mr. Jackson."

So far from being the exception, this heartless tergiversation is the rule with our author, who is always thoroughly capable of being in two places at once, of giving with equal ease absolutely cogent reasons for doing a thing or irresistible arguments for not doing it.

One wonders whether a hundred years ago folks actually wrote their letters in the polished-marble manner so admirably encouraged by the "Fashionable Letter Writer." Did young love begin with "Dear Madam" and a few lines lower hail her as "My charming Ellen"? Did the officer ordered abroad write to Louisa in this strain? "Now, instead of reposing in your affectionate arms, I am destined to go to distant shores, where the dangers of disease and battle will combine to destroy me. It has almost tempted me to resign my commission: but no! my name shall never be tarnished with dishonor; no man shall ever say that I deserted my prince and my country in the hour of danger. No, thou beloved of my soul, whatever may be the result, Henry will do his duty." Is it possible that Henry should have written, scarcely a twelvemonth later: "It is best to retreat in time; I have, therefore, to state, that I beg permission to decline all further intercourse of a tender nature.—I am, Madam, your obedient servant, &c."?

Exhibitions of the Week.

British Museum: Drawings, Etchings, and Lithographs by Forain.

M. FORAIN has lately presented to the British Museum a number of drawings in pencil and crayon, and these form the nucleus of a little exhibition in the Print Room, which also includes about twenty of his etchings and several posters. A fine artist does not always succeed in making a good poster, but Forain's large lithograph, done in aid of a fund for French prisoners of war in Germany, is not only a moving piece of propaganda, but in the manner in which a prisoner's dejection is expressed by the simplest descending curves, it is also completely successful as a work of art. The three posters advertising the Salon des Humoristes show how far Forain can go in a mood of irresponsibility without for a moment allowing the extravagance of his fancy to be restrained by conventional vulgarity, which in the subject chosen for this particular trio of posters would have swept away many an artist of less fine a spirit. These posters, especially when they are compared with those of one or two other artists who have been included in the exhibition, such as M. Poulbot and M. Abel Faivre, do show the wonderful aptness and emphasis which Forain has at his command, even when motives other than purely æsthetic intrude upon his art, but to savor his qualities to the full we must turn to the drawings and etchings. The drawings, most of them studies of the nude, are all very finished. They would appear to be the final statements in simple, rhythmical outline of more rapid sketches made in the heat of inspiration, and we rather miss in them the suggestive abundance of outline which so powerfully reveals Forain's purpose when he is working with the etching needle or graving tool. When we look at the etchings and dry-points, the first impression may be of untidiness or even confusion in all this complicated network of fine lines, but on longer acquaintance this apparent profusion crystallizes, and we have the dual pleasure of appreciating not only the artist's ultimate intention, but also the manner in which he leads up to his effect. Here are all the gestures of Forain's hand as he feels his way towards his idea. We see him dwelling upon his subject, and we can trace the very working of his sensibility as it gathers increasing momentum up to the moment of final realization. Not a line in these etchings is

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THE FAUNA OF BRITISH INDIA, including CEYLON and BURMA. Published under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council. Medium 8vo, with Text, Illustrations, and 2 Plates.—MOLLUSCA, Vol. III. LAND OPERCULATES. London.—Taylor & Francis, Red Lion Court, Fleet-street; Calcutta—Thacker, Spink & Co.; Bombay—Thacker & Co. Ltd.

AN UNSOLICITED OPINION.

"We should like to take advantage of the opportunity presented by the amalgamation of 'The Athenæum' and 'The Nation' to say that we have always held the former in high esteem and have regarded it as a good medium for reaching book-buyers. With best wishes for the future of the united journals."

W. & G. Foyle,
121-125, Charing Cross Road.

really redundant or heedless; each has its place and purpose in emphasizing the flow of movement which interprets every curve of the moving body in terms of explicit emotion. Once the imagination is captured by Forain's method, our feeling is carried upwards with his as though on the slowly swelling crest of a wave. The growth and culmination of his idea is, however, controlled by a remarkably effective precision. The etchings of "The Prodigal Son" and of "Christ carrying the Cross" are beautiful examples of Forain's skill with the needle. To return to the lithographs, a particularly fine print, intended as a poster for the Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes, is shown in two states, and this affords an excellent opportunity of seeing how his gradual intensification of treatment leads up to and at last achieves the brilliant salience of important detail which so tightly knots his compositions together. It is extraordinary how little, even in the second of these states, there is of line which definitely encloses form, yet what there is gives immense significance to the attitudes of rapture mingled with amazement with which the congregation strain forward to behold the miraculous cup.

Naturally this little exhibition does not attempt to show Forain in all the variety of his mood, nor indeed does it aim at exemplifying any one particular phase. There are one or two etchings which show his milder satire, which is often all the wittier when it is held in leash. We think the exhibition would have been improved had it included one or two of those diabolically clever studies of life on the boulevards for which Forain is most famous, but this is, after all, his most familiar side, and it will be a revelation to many to find the deep substructure of human sympathy which is usually hidden beneath Forain's ironic mask. He is in all essentials such a truly original artist that it does not seem of much importance to discuss his origins. Both he and Steinlen draw deeply on the spirit of Daumier, but had Daumier never existed there is surely little doubt as to who would have been Forain's most marked affinity. Without reminding us particularly of Rembrandt, Forain's etchings almost insensibly lead the mind back to the great Dutchman. It is odd to think of Forain not merely as an artist of genius, but also as a journalist; for years he was a regular contributor of witty drawings to *Le Figaro*, yet there has never been the slightest trace in his art of the jadedness which leads most artists who work for the Press into perfunctory tricks and conventional formalism. O. R. D.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- March.
Wed. 30. Industrial League (Caxton Hall, Westminster), 7.30.
—"Industry and its Relation to Finance," Mr.
H. G. Williams.
April.
Fri. 1. Philological, 5.30.—Dictionary Evening; Address by
Prof. W. A. Craigie.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Browne (Robert T.). *The Mystery of Space, a Study of the Hyperspace Movement in the Light of the Evolution of New Psychic Faculties.* 81x52. 411 pp. Kegan Paul, 15/- n.
Horridge (Frank). *The Great Riddle; or, the Action and Effects of Natural Forces and Conditions in the Creation.* 71x5. 99 pp. Kegan Paul, 3/6 n.

RELIGION.

- Allan (Charles). *The New World.* 8x52. 175 pp. Greenock, Jas. McKelvie & Sons (Simpkin & Marshall).
Hayes (Will). *The Gospel according to Thomas.* 8x51. 104 pp. Daniel, 3/- n.
Sadler (Gilbert T.). *The Infinite in the Finite (The World Religion).* 8x51. 111 pp. Daniel, 3/6 n.
Winnington-Ingram (Rt. Rev. Arthur F.). *The Spirit of Peace.* 71x5. 260 pp. Wells Gardner, 4/- n.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Grotius Society. *Transactions.* Vol. VI. *Problems of Peace and War.* 81x52. 137 pp. Sweet & Maxwell, 7/6 n.
Hook (Alfred). *The Social and Industrial Problem.* 71x5. 334 pp. Cassell, 8/- n.
Jonas (T.), Murmuzzese (D.), Dimitriu (V.), and others. *Les Questions Roumaines du Temps présent (Bibliothèque d'Histoire Contemporaine).* 71x42. 191 pp. Paris, Alcan 6 fr.

- Ludovici (Anthony M.). *Man's Descent from the Gods; or, the Complete Case against Prohibition.* 9x51. 288 pp. Heinemann, 14/- n.
Naval War College, Rhode Island. *International Law Documents: The Treaty of Peace with Germany, June 28, 1919.* Washington, Govt. Ptg. Office.
Olazabal (Alexandre de). *Vers l'Emancipation Economique: Lettre ouverte au Président de la Nation Argentine.* 71x42. 100 pp. Paris, Marcel Giard & Cie, 16, Rue Soufflot.
Pamphlets and Leaflets of the Liberal Publication Department, 1920. 81x51. 42. Parliament Street, S.W. 1. 2/6 n.
Premier Congrès des Peuples de l'Orient, Bakou, 1-8 Sept., 1920. (L'Internationale Communiste et la Libération de l'Orient). 71x5. 228 pp. Petrograd, Editions de l'Internationale Communiste.
Salter (F. H.). *Karl Marx and Modern Socialism.* 71x5. 265 pp. Macmillan, 6/- n.
Travers-Borgetrom (Arthur). *Mutualism: a Synthesis.* 71x52. 123 pp. Macmillan, 4/6 n.
Watts (Arthur Edward). *A New Encyclopedia of Freemasonry (Ars Magna Latomorum) and of Cognate Instituted Mysteries: their Rites, Literature, and History.* 91x61. 2 vols. 488, 488 pp. 16 pl. and 11. Rider, 42/- n.
Zinoviev (G.). *Douze Jours en Allemagne (Petite Bibliothèque).* 8x51. 155 pp. Moscow, Editions de l'Internationale Communiste.

EDUCATION.

- González-Blanco (Edmundo). *Costa y el Problema de la Educación Nacional.* 71x42. 248 pp. Barcelona, Editorial Cervantes, Ramba Cataluña, 72. 3 ptas.

USEFUL ARTS.

- Brincoe (Walter A.). *Library Advertising. With a Chapter on the Cinema and Library (Copic Series).* 71x42. 127 pp. Grafton & Co., 7/6 n.
Green (F. E.). *A New Agricultural Policy (New Era Series, 9).* 71x5. 169 pp. Parsons, 4/6 n.

FINE ARTS.

- Mind (C. Lewis). *Art and I.* 8x51. 362 pp. Lane, 10/6 n.
Lancaster (My. Carrington). *Le Mémorial de Mahélot, Laurent et d'autres Décorateurs de l'Hôtel de Bourgogne et de la Comédie Française au XVIIe siècle.* 101x61. 154 pp., 49 pl. Paris, Champion.

MUSIC.

- Bernardi (G. G.). *Counterpoint.* Tr. by Claude Landl. 71x5. 214 pp., 11. Kegan Paul, 4/6 n.

LITERATURE.

- Bourdillon (Wm.). *Gerard and Isabel: a Romance in Form of Canteable (St. George Series, 7).* 71x52. 99 pp. De La More Press, 7/6 n.
Rodó (José Enrique). *El Camino de Paros: Meditaciones y Andanzas.* 81x51. 210 pp. Valencia, Editorial Cervantes, Hernán Cortés, 8. 350 ptas.
Rodó (José Enrique). *El Que Vendrá.* 81x51. 314 pp. Barcelona, Editorial Cervantes, Ramba de Cataluña, 72. 5 ptas.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Apollinaire (Guillaume). *L'Enchanteur Pourrissant.* II. by André Derain. 71x51. 81 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française.
Dane (Clemence). *A Bill of Divorcement: a Play in Three Acts.* 61x42. 92 pp. Heinemann, 2/6 and 3/6 n.
Drinkwater (John). *Mary Stuart: a Play.* 71x5. 60 pp. Sidgwick & Jackson, 3/6 n.
Hops (Dorian). *Pearls and Pomegranates.* 71x52. 65 pp. Putnam, 5/- n.
Kitchen (C. H. B.). *Winged Victory.* 71x52. 64 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/- n.
Roberts (Morley). *Lyra Mutabilis.* 71x51. 76 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/- n.
Russell (Charles). *Sonnets, Poems, and Translations. Introductory Sonnets and Memoir by John Alex. Chapman.* 81x52. 84 pp. W. Thacker & Co., 2, Creed Lane, E.C. 4. 7/6 n.
Waley (Arthur). *The No Plays of Japan. With Letters by Oswald Sickert.* 9x6. 319 pp., 2 ll. Allen & Unwin, 18/- n.

FICTION.

- Baker (Olaf). *Shasta of the Wolves.* 8x51. 275 pp., 11. Harrap, 6/-.
Between the Flags. By "Sabretache," of "The Tatler." 71x5. 255 pp. Odhams, 8/- n.
Bindless (Harold). *Musgrave's Luck.* 71x5. 313 pp. Ward & Lock, 7/- n.
Blasco Ibañez (V.). *Woman Triumphant.* 71x5. 343 pp. Constable, 8/6 n.
Buchan (John). *The Path of the King.* 71x5. 310 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 8/6 n.
Codet (Louis). *La Fortune de Bécot.* 71x5. 210 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 7 fr. 50.
Hocking (Joseph). *The Ring of Destiny.* 71x5. 329 pp. Ward & Lock, 7/- n.
Holme (Constance). *The Trumpet in the Dust.* 71x5. 236 pp. Mills & Boon, 8/6 n.
Kenyon (Camilla). *Spanish Doubloons.* 71x5. 311 pp. Jenkins, 2/6 n.
Leighton (Marie Connor). *The Silent Clue.* 71x5. 301 pp. Ward & Lock, 7/- n.
Ragnier (Henri de). *El Miedo al Amor (La Novela Literaria).* 71x5. 317 pp. Valencia, Prometeo, Germanias, 33. 4 ptas.
Scott (Edith Hope). *The Beloved.* 71x42. 242 pp. Stockwell, 8/- n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Bradley (A. G.). *England's Outpost: the Country of the Kentish Cinque Ports (The English Countryside Series).* 71x5. 409 pp., 11 Scott, 10/6 n.
Brenot (Alice). *Recherches sur l'Épigraphie Attique et en particulier sur la date de l'Institution (Bibliothèque de l'École des Hautes Études, fasc. 229).* 101x61. 52 pp. Paris, Champion, 9 fr. 50.
Couchoud (Paul Louis). *Japanese Impressions, with a Note on Confucius.* Tr. by Frances Rumsey. Pref. by Anatole France. 81x51. 178 pp. Lane, 7/6 n.
Curie (J. M.). *This World of Ours.* 71x5. 313 pp. Methuen, 7/6 n.
Hopkins (T. Thurston). *Kipling's Sussex.* 81x52. 260 pp., 11. Simpkin & Marshall, 12/6 n.
Victoria and Albert Museum. *Catalogue of Textiles from Burying Grounds in Egypt: Vol. I. Greco-Roman Period.* By A. F. Kendrick. 81x71. 142 pp., 32 pl. Stationery Office, 5/- n.
Wagner (Leopold). *A New Book about London: a Quaint and Curious Volume of Forgotten Lore.* 81x51. 224 pp. Allen & Unwin, 10/6 n.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Bavan (Edwyn). *A Memoir of Leslie Johnston.* 71x5. 264 pp. Student Christian Movement, 7/6 n.
Hayes (Will). *Walt Whitman, the Prophet of the New Era.* 8x51. 194 pp. Daniel, 4/6 n.
Rantoul (Judge James A.). *Stray Thoughts and Memories.* Ed. by L. Rantoul. 8x51. 303 pp. Parsons, 18/- n.
Smyth (Dr. Ethel). *Streaks of Life.* 9x51. 252 pp. Longmans, 10/6 n.
Snowden (Kelghley). *The Master Spinner: a Life of Sir Swire Smith.* 81x51. 348 pp. Allen & Unwin, 16/- n.

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